

# Daily Mirror



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One Halfpenny.

## SOME OF MY EXPERIENCES WITH THE "DAILY MIRROR."

A Loss of £3,000 a Week  
Turned into a Profit—Peeps  
Into the Future—Our  
New Buildings, Im-  
proved Machinery  
and Plans.

To-day I print the figures of the circulation of the *Daily Mirror* from the beginning of this year until the end of August—from its abject failure as a penny paper for women to its amazingly rapid growth as a halfpenny illustrated daily newspaper for the home.

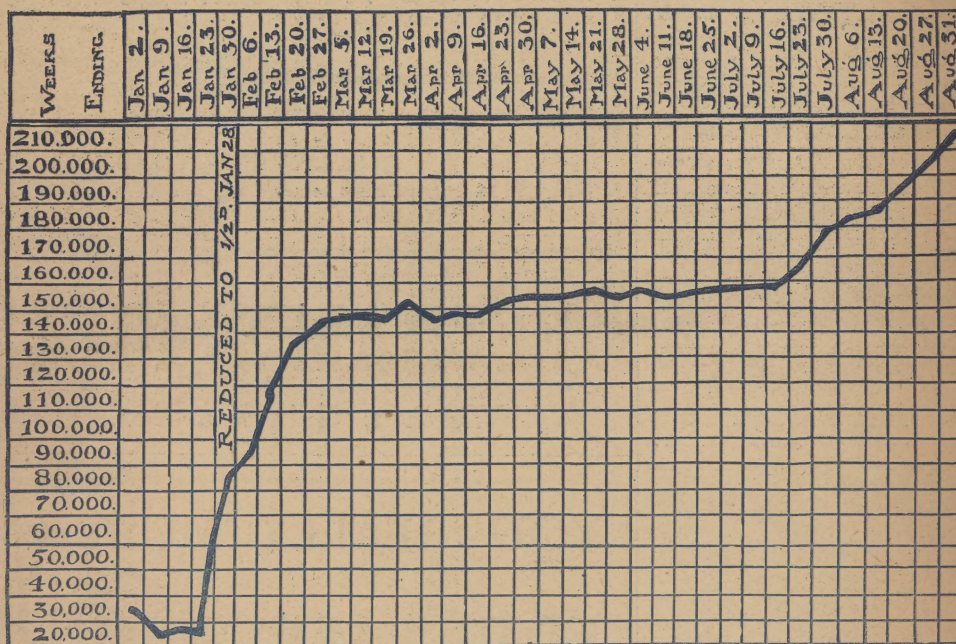
It was about this time last year that those responsible for the *Daily Mirror* were busily preparing to capture the support of the ladies of the United Kingdom. Never was seen so enthusiastic a band of optimists!

From the Editor and the editresses—there were ladies in command in those days—to the office-boy, everyone thought he was connected with what was bound to prove a prodigious epoch in journalism.

A great many of the public thought so too, and the advertisers supported me in a manner

(By SIR ALFRED HARMSWORTH.)

CHART SHOWING THE AMAZING GROWTH OF THE "DAILY MIRROR" CIRCULATION IN 1904.



From the beginning of January up to the end of August—a period of only eight months—the "Mirror's" circulation jumped from 30,000 to over 200,000 copies per day.

## 1d THE DAILY MIRROR 1d

### INVASION OF ENGLAND

### REALISTIC PHOTOGRAPHS

### ALL THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A "Daily Mirror" placard: This is what sells the "Mirror"—the combination of the day's news and the pictures.

which was very flattering, but which has caused me many pangs of remorse, especially when I think of the result. I do not exaggerate when I say that had I been able to print a million *Daily Mirrors*, with a hundred pages of advertisements, it would barely have sufficed to meet the demand of the opening day.

The office was besieged—but not by the fair sex. As I remarked on a previous occasion, it is often said that women do not know their own mind, but they made it up pretty quickly and firmly about the *Daily Mirror*, and they would not have it.

Looking back to-day on that first issue, I still cannot understand why! Were I about to embark on so mad a frolic as another penny

(Continued on page 5.)

### PEEPS INTO THE "DAILY MIRROR" OFFICE.



The "Daily Mirror" receiving telegrams and cables by pneumatic tube. There is an elaborate system of tubes established throughout the new "Mirror" office for the quick transit of Press messages and copy to the various departments.



A corner of the "Mirror" library, showing the elaborate system by which records of all events of interest and portraits of prominent personages throughout the whole world are kept.







## VANISHED BRIDEGROOM.

### No Wedding at the Mansion House To-day.

### LOVER'S STRANGE CONDUCT.

### Miss Ritchie Receives a Letter of Renunciation.

### PROSTRATED WITH GRIEF.

There will be no wedding at the Mansion House to-day.

The great preparations for the marriage of the Lord Mayor's daughter have all been cancelled. The event, which had caused so much pleasant expectation in the City, is not merely postponed. It is definitely and finally abandoned.

The disappointed bride is striving her hardest to forget, not to forgive, the faithless bridegroom who deserted her almost on the steps of the altar.

Fortune has seldom dealt a harder blow at a bride-elect than that which has prostrated Miss Constance Mary Ritchie, the comely daughter of the Lord Mayor of London, who was to have been married this afternoon at St. Stephen's Church, Walbrook, to Mr. John A. C. McCalman, of the Egyptian Irrigation Service, son of the late Mr. Alan McCalman, of Demerara.

#### The Bridegroom Missed.

The handsome bridegroom was expected to lunch with the bride's family at the Mansion House on Saturday, but to the amazement of the household he did not come.

Nor was any message received to explain his unaccountable absence, though nothing more was feared than that he had been unavoidably detained. There was no place in the bride's heart for any doubt regarding the devotion and fidelity of her betrothed. Mutual friends often remarked how sincerely the young couple loved each other.

A lady of picturesque speech compared their courtship to that of two love birds.

"He will come in the evening to dinner," said the bride cheerily, apprehending no danger. While she spoke her lover was hastening out of the country, impelled by the fixed resolve of remaining a bachelor.

To Miss Constance Ritchie's experience—nighly unsupportable for the time—she off-puttingly said saying was to have a bitter fulfilment: "It is the unexpected that always happens."

The dinner hour came, the numerous and costly wedding presents were disposed around the room for family view, but the bridegroom was not in his place. What should have been a brilliant feast was changed to one of mourning for the blighted hopes of a bride who could not easily be comforted.

#### Extraordinary Letter.

Presently the unsuspecting postman brought a letter to the Lord Mayor, which might well have filled a father's eyes with tears and caused the breasts of the young lady's brother and her gentlemen friends to burn with anger.

The letter contained the bridegroom's eleventh-hour renunciation.

Mr. John A. C. McCalman wrote, giving no address, to say that he had determined to abandon his engagement. He stated his reasons, and wished his deserted and dejected bride greater happiness than she could have ever had in a matrimonial alliance with him. She will, it is hoped, realise his wishes.

"It is an inscrutable mystery," said Miss Ritchie's brother to a *Mirror* representative yesterday.

"We have not the remotest idea what has led McCalman to act as he has done. We neither know his reasons nor his whereabouts, though there are theories."

"There was certainly nothing of the nature of a quarrel or a dispute of any sort. They were the happiest pair imaginable, and the blow came like a bolt from the blue."

#### Bride-Elect's Grief.

"My sister is, as you may imagine, quite prostrated. She has taken to her bed in her distress. What makes it hard for us all is to see her suffering so acutely."

The letter McCalman sent breaking off the engagement is in her possession, metaphorically speaking, under her pillow.

Asked whether the marriage would be reconsidered if the missing bridegroom changed his mind, the brother was very emphatic.

"By no means," he said. "He may change his mind, but my sister will never change hers. She has done with him for ever, and we shall assist her to forget the past as quickly and completely as is humanly possible."

#### The Wedding Presents.

As to the manner of disposing of the magnificent array of wedding presents, he could not yet say what their destination would be. Most probably they would all be returned. Miss Ritchie would

certainly not wish to keep any reminder of the man who had used her so badly.

Curiously enough, from another source we learn that some of Miss Ritchie's philosophic friends yesterday sent her congratulations upon the escape she had made, representing to her how infinitely better it was to be jilted by a lover than to have been subsequently deserted by a husband.

Herein consists the bride's substantial source of consolation. In her grief she is assured of the sincere sympathy, not only of her personal friends, but of many thousands who have never met her.

Pictures of Miss Ritchie and Mr. McCalman appear on page 8.

## REAL SHAM WAR.

### Colonel Bayoneted in Peaceful Manoeuvres.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sunday Night.

A curious incident has occurred during the French Army manoeuvres, which, though terminating seriously enough, might have had much more grave consequences.

The 8th Chasseurs were given an order to charge a column of Zouaves who were discovered to be moving in the neighbourhood.

The Zouaves formed up into squares ready to receive the charge, but instead of acknowledging themselves obliterated, and retiring, they stood their ground as the Chasseurs approached.

The blood of the Chasseurs was up, and neither of the combatants would give way. Consequently they met in full shock of battle, with fearful damage to horse and man.

The colonel of the Chasseurs—Count de Malvoué—who led the charge, received a bayonet wound in the stomach which it is feared will prove fatal. Over forty Zouaves were knocked over by the horses and trampled under their hoofs. Many of the Chasseurs in the front rank were knocked off their horses and bayoneted, but luckily were only slightly wounded.

For some minutes the officers had their work cut out to restrain the men from carrying on the fight to greater lengths, but at last they were successful.

## CANADIAN TRAIN HELD UP.

### Six Bandits Loot an Express Car on the C.P.R.

VICTORIA (B.C.), Sunday.

Six armed bandits to-day stopped a train on the Canadian Pacific Railway, near Vancouver, and compelled the engine-driver to detach the express car.

They secured £1,100. A large police force has gone in pursuit.—*Reuter*.

## BEDROOM DEATH-STRUGGLE.

### Husband Killed and Wife Wounded by a Burglar.

A terrible tragedy took place early yesterday morning at Pentre, Rhondda Valley, Mr. Emyln Jones, landlord of the Bridgend Hotel, being fatally stabbed by a man who had broken into his house.

Mrs. Jones was roused from sleep, and saw a man in a crouching position at the foot of the bed. She screamed and roused her husband. The intruder struck her a violent blow on the left temple, but she tried to hold him by the throat, and her husband closed with him.

A fearful struggle followed, culminating in the landlord being stabbed with a dagger. A baby, who was in bed, was not touched.

The assailant escaped by a ladder, with which he had gained admission, leaving his boots behind.

By making use of an excellent private telephone service the police quickly secured the arrest on the railway line at Pontypridd, eight miles from Pentre, of a bootless and hatless Norwegian seaman named Eric Lougan, of the ship *Pastor*, lying off Cardiff.

Mrs. Jones afterwards identified the man as the murderer of her husband.

## MESSAGE IN THE SOUP.

King Peter of Serbia has had a quieting reminder of the insecurity of his throne.

While at dinner the other night he was discussing his coming coronation. He had just finished his soup, when there was disclosed at the bottom of the plate a piece of parchment about two inches square. He held it up to the light, and suddenly turned pale. The lady beside him saw printed upon it in bold Serbian characters the words, "Peter Kara-georgievitch, you will never be crowned."

The King left the table.

## BOY ANARCHIST.

BARCELONA, Saturday.

The police have arrested a large number of anarchists, among them a certain Reales, a professional propagandist, fourteen years of age.—*Reuter*.

## PREPARING A TRAP.

### New Great Scheme to Envelop Russian Armies.

Although brief dispatches have been received from General Kuropatkin, General Oyama, and General Kuroki, they contain nothing decisive.

General Oyama says that the enemy is believed to have retired to the north of the Hun River, which is south of Mukden. General Kuroki reports the removal of 10,000 Russian wounded to Mukden, and General Kuropatkin says no fighting has taken place in the sphere of operations, and heavy rains continue to fall.

It is believed that General Kuroki is concealing a movement on a large scale, with the object of still entrapping the Russians, and news of striking interest may arrive at any moment.

A grand assault is expected at Port Arthur to-morrow.

## PRAYERS FOR SUCCESS.

### Russians Implore Divine Aid Against An Enemy "Full of Galle."

The Holy Synod of the Russian Orthodox Church has issued a special prayer to be offered up "for the victory of the Russian troops, who are worshippers of Christ, over a cruel enemy, full of guile."

In part the prayer, according to *Reuter's* St. Petersburg correspondent, who sends the text, reads:—

"O God, the Christ-loving Army victory and enable it to subdue the enemy. Stretch forth thine hand from on high and touch the hearts of the enemy so that he shall make supplication unto Thee, the God of peace, Who loves His creatures."

"Oh, defender of the Orthodox Faith, send down Thine arrows and confound the enemy. Strike them as the lightning and deliver them into the hands of Thy faithful troops."

## BAULKED OF VICTORY.

### How Kuroki Nearly Completed the Russian Disasters.

In a further message describing the fighting at Liaoyang, *Reuter's* correspondent says:—The fighting here before dawn, and again continued until evening, the Japanese officers urging on their fainting men with the points of their swords.

The dead at one point lay touching each other for a thousand feet, covering the approaches to the fort.

The Russians lost, won, and lost again an important hill position. They already showed signs of discouragement.

The position was indeed extremely critical, and an immediate precipitate retreat of the entire Liaoyang Army was only prevented by the recapture of another hill east of Yentai. It was soon lost again, but the end was achieved. Kuroki relaxed his efforts, and General Mishchenko sent west of the railway to make a demonstration in the Kaoliang and cover the retreat.

## BALTIC FLEET SAILS.

KRONSTADT, Sunday.

The Baltic Fleet, under Rear-Admiral Rozhdestvensky, sailed for the Far-East at two o'clock this afternoon.—*Reuter*.

An Exchange telegram also states that the fleet set sail, but adds that it will return in five days.

## Japanese Looting.

LIAO-YANG, Wednesday.

The Japanese troops were looting freely in Liaoyang last night. A distinguished Scottish missionary—Dr. Westwater—was wounded in the general disorder.—*Reuter*.

## Grand Assault To-morrow.

CHIFT, Saturday.

A Japanese who has arrived here, having left Daluy yesterday, says that the grand assault which, it was rumoured, had been planned for to-day, has been postponed until the 13th inst.

The Russians are making elaborate preparations to repel the attack.—*Reuter*.

A Japanese officer says that the Japanese losses at Port Arthur during the last few days exceeded 15,000.

## £1,000 FOR TWO FLEAS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sunday.

The "Rappel" states that M. Mabry, the agent of the North-East Siberian Company, has arrived at Washington with two Siberian fleas, which he wishes to sell to M. Charles de Rothschild for £1,000.

The "Rappel" also adds that M. de Rothschild possesses a collection of fleas at Tring Park, and has even organised an expedition to look for Arctic fleas.

According to yesterday's "Reference" King Oscar of Sweden will grant Mr. Adolf Beck an audience this week.

## EXPLOSIONS IN THE ABBEY.

### Firing of a Cracker Startles the Congregation at Westminster.

### "PROTESTANT" FANATIC'S ACT.

A series of sharp explosions in the nave of Westminster Abbey yesterday morning caused almost a panic among the large congregation.

Following the explosions came a smell of gunpowder and a haze of smoke. For a few moments confusion reigned supreme, and many persons made for the doors, under the impression that there had been a serious accident. Some, seeing the smoke, thought there was a fire.

The coolness of the vergers and other officials, however, averted serious consequences, and calmed the excited people.

Then the dignity of the old abbey and the solemn entry of the choir, allayed the disturbances, and the service commenced as though nothing had happened.

The cause of the explosions was for some time a mystery, but eventually one of the vergers picked up the shattered remains of a large "cracker," which some mischievous character had introduced and lighted.

#### Revenge for Kensit.

It was afterwards found that a piece of cardboard had been attached to the cracker by a string. On it was writing, part of which was illegible.

However, the words could be made out:—

"Vengeance for the death of Kensit."

"Lying priesthood."

"Enemies of the people."

"Friends of the brewers."

It is curious that the text of the sermon being preached at the time was "Peace, be still."

Canon Duckworth, in an interview, said the sound of the explosion was as if pistols were being fired. If the cracker had been lighted in the middle of the Abbey, instead of at the side, a great panic might have resulted. The effect of this would have been terrible. As it was, the congregation controlled itself admirably.

The police have so far no clue to the perpetrators, but there is little doubt the outrage was a deliberately-planned act of an extreme Protestant fanatic.

## "IMPRISONED" NOVELIST.

### Charges Against Jokai's Widow by His Adopted Daughter.

A dispute between the widow of Maurus Jokai, the famous Hungarian novelist, and his adopted daughter, Frau Feszthy, as to the disposal of his estate, has now reached an acute stage.

The widow at the time of her marriage was an actress, known on the stage as Belle Weiss, and was only nineteen, while her husband was seventy-five. Frau Feszthy, who had married a painter, resented the marriage, and public sympathy was with her.

Jokai's will disclosed that he had left everything to his wife, disinheriting the adopted daughter. Frau Feszthy filed a protest, alleging that Jokai was not his own master at the time he made the will. She accuses the widow of having virtually kept her husband a prisoner, only allowing the doctor, whom she herself had engaged, to see him during the last months of his life.

The widow declares that Jokai died in debt, while Frau Feszthy insists that the estate must be worth nearly £40,000.

There is little doubt that the matter will now have to come before the Budapest courts.

## "SILENT WOMAN" SPEAKS.

The "silent woman of Windsor," who has declined to give any account of herself to the workhouse authorities, talked freely to a *Mirror* representative on Saturday. She said she had been in service at Hounslow, that her mother, an Englishwoman, died young, and her father, a German, married again.

But she steadfastly declined to say who she was, and the police are still making inquiries.

## PRINCESS'S PILGRIMAGE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sunday Night.

Princess Alice of Bourbon, daughter of Don Carlos, whose sensational flight from her husband's palace last year caused such a scandal, has become reconciled to her divorced spouse, Prince Frederic Schoenburg-Waldenburg.

The royal couple are now fulfilling a penitential pilgrimage in the Holy City.

## TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Increasing easterly and south-easterly winds; fair at first, rain later; cool.

Lighting-up time: 7.22 a.m.  
Sea passages will be moderate to rather rough generally.



## HUMOURS OF "WAR."

**Puzzled Combatants "Ask a Policeman."**

### INVADERS REPELLED.

The manoeuvres are practically over. It was announced last night that General French would commence re-embarking his invading forces at Clacton-on-Sea at five o'clock this morning.

Lively fighting was going on all day Saturday.

The town of Colchester was recaptured by the defending army, under General Wynne, and the invaders were sent hurrying to the coast. Their departure will be hastened by the artillery and cavalry of the Home forces, attacking their rear-guard.

Fighting between the rear-guard of General French's army, and the advanced guard of the "Red" forces commenced at six o'clock on Saturday morning near Colchester and went on continuously till two o'clock in the afternoon.

A keen struggle took place at Copford, where the "Blues" took up a strong position in a farmyard upon a hill, with a Maxim gun to support them.

The "Reds" got a battery of field artillery into action and quickly shelled out the enemy. They followed up their advantage so quickly that the Coldstream Guards got through the hedge and seized the horses of the King's Dragoons before they could mount.

#### Trying to Escape.

In jumping the hedge to escape Sergeant Anthony, of the Dragoons, fell into a ditch with his horse on top of him.

He was extricated and carried to a neighbouring inn upon a hurdle. The Duke of Connaught was close by, on his motor, and sent an order for an ambulance, but much to the Duke's concern and annoyance it was nearly an hour before an ambulance arrived.

At Stanway a detachment of Coldstream Guards came up as the invaders were leisurely moving off. The officer in command of the Guards turned to a local constable and said, innocently, "Can you tell me what has happened here, policeman?" He got the information, but the spectators were much tickled by the inquiry.

At Fiveways half a troop of 14th Hussars, of General French's army, were keeping guard while one of their horses was being shod at a smithy. Suddenly a troop of Royal Horse Guards and a troop of Essex Imperial Yeomanry, belonging to the "Red" forces, came up and surrounded the smithy, and the Hussars had to surrender.

#### Capturing a Balloon.

The "Red" force sent their war balloon on a free run over Colchester for observation of the enemy. The wind failed, the balloon fell in the midst of the invaders' army, and was captured.

In revenge, Colonel Allanby, commanding the "Red" Cavalry Brigade, with U. Battery, Royal Horse Artillery, swept down upon General French's cavalry at Ardleigh on Saturday afternoon, surrounded the camp, and annihilated the enemy. This was the most dashing episode of the manoeuvres.

The commissariat during the manoeuvres failed entirely. Dandy Guards' officers were driven to dining off biscuits and mild ale in village inns.

### BAREFOOTED THROUGH LONDON.

**Tough-skinned Islington Man Wins a Strange Walking Match.**

Early-morning City men on Saturday paused in their hurry to business and gazed curiously at a man, coatless and barefooted, who was walking through the principal streets of London at a terrific rate.

It was Andrew Billington, of Islington, who, partly as a result of an "argument" with a friend and partly as a preliminary spin to a longer barefooted walk to Brighton, was endeavouring to walk barefoot through nine miles of London streets within three hours.

He actually covered the distance in an hour and three-quarters.

Leaving the Royal Exchange at 7 a.m., he reached Ludgate-circus at 7.8, Hyde Park Corner at 7.37, Marble Arch (via Knightsbridge and Kensington High-street) at 8.8, Tottenham Court-road at 8.25, and the Royal Exchange at exactly 8.45.

He paused for a second in St. Paul's Churchyard to remove a tin-which had become embedded in one of his feet, and this was his only stoppage during the journey.

#### THREAT TO SUE A CORONER.

Dr. Henry Burnes, for refusing to describe the way he treated a child, was severely censured by the Deputy-coroner at Edmonton on Saturday night.

The Coroner refused the doctor his fee, and the latter threatened to enter an action.

#### SOUTHELD PRIZE-WINNER.

One of the two visitors to Southend whose portraits were published in Saturday's *Mirror* was Mr. Jeremiah C. Smith.

He was awarded a *Mirror* fountain pen and five shillings.

## DRAMA OF GRIEF.

**Widow Identifies "Unknown" Man as Her Husband.**

Under extremely distressing circumstances the fate of John Huggins, whose strange disappearance was reported last week, was revealed on Saturday.

All trace of Huggins, who was employed as foreman packer by a firm of Fulham furniture removers, was lost after he had completed a removal to Barton-on-Sea, near Bournemouth.

On Saturday an inquest had just been opened at Steyning on the body of "a man unknown" found in the Thames off Wapping, when the proceedings were interrupted by the entry of a young woman who was sobbing hysterically. It transpired that she had just been to the mortuary, where she had identified the man as her missing husband, John Huggins.

The evidence of the grief-stricken woman was to the effect that her husband, after finishing the removal, left the other men, saying, "Perhaps he shouldn't go home any more." She could offer no explanation for this, as they had always lived happily.

She had never seen before a lady's silver watch which was found on Huggins's body.

The jury, after a lengthy consultation, returned a verdict of Found drowned.

### MINISTER AS BEST MAN.

**Mr. Austen Chamberlain Appears in a New and Interesting Role.**

Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the "compleat bachelor" of the Cabinet, appeared in a new and interesting role on Saturday.

He visited Dulverton, the little Devonshire hunting town, to act as best man to Mr. George Herbert Duckworth, his secretary. The bride was Lady Margaret Herbert, sister of Lord Carnarvon, and granddaughter of the Earl of Chesterfield.

There were seven bridesmaids, each charming enough to make Mr. Chamberlain recant his celibate views. The Minister carried out his duties with great éclat, and carried the bride's cloak and jewel case to the carriage when the happy pair left the church.

### FLEETING FREEDOM.

**Singular Case of Arrest, Release, and Re-arrest.**

During the comparatively brief period occupied by the hearing of a case at Worship-street Police Court on Saturday a labourer named Edward Jeffreys went through a remarkable experience.

He was charged, in company with a man named John Camp, with receiving stolen goods, but was released on the ground of insufficient evidence. Remaining in court, he was called as a witness by Camp, with the result that the admissions he made under examination led to his being replaced in the dock. Finally, he and Camp were both committed for trial.

The articles which the men are alleged to have been concerned in stealing comprise fish forks, table knives, and utensils that have been missing from the Savoy Hotel since May 5. Last week, after the stolen goods came into the possession of the police, an illustration of them appeared in the "Daily Mail," with the result that they were immediately identified by the hotel manager.

### SMALLPOX SHIPS FOR SALE.

**Astounding Offer of the Metropolitan Asylums Board.**

"Smallpox ships for sale," is the astounding offer made by the Metropolitan Asylums Board. These three ships, which are at present lying at Dartford, have been used for years past as smallpox isolation hospitals. The Asylums Board announce that they have been disinfected, but nevertheless the fact that an attempt should be made to sell them is characterised on all hands as scandalous.

"It is dangerous parsimony," said a prominent doctor to a *Mirror* representative. "The Government ought to prevent any such transaction. The ships ought without doubt to be burned."

"Even though all precautions have been taken to disinfect them it is almost impossible that this can be satisfactorily done."

### BARON IN THE DOCK.

On entering the dock at Marlborough-street on Saturday to answer a charge of striking a gentleman, Baron Schwabach, of Marzoff, now stopping at the Carlton Hotel, asked for a few moments' adjournment.

The Baron left the court with a gentleman with a shade over one of his eyes, and settled the matter by monetary compensation. The charge was then withdrawn.

Dr. Pozzi on Saturday operated on the elder Coquilien for a tumour on the jaw. The famous comedian refused chloroform, and bore the pain without flinching.

## QUEER PEACE-MAKING.

**Tibetan Monks Eat Nuts While Treaty is Signed.**

Official news of the signing of the Tibetan treaty shows that perfect good temper was observed throughout the Durbar, and the British were assured the whole nation would observe the treaty.

The Potala, where the treaty was signed, proved (says Reuter) to be a dingy structure in poor repair.

Before the formal proceedings were opened the Tibetans handed round refreshments, consisting of tea and dried fruits.

Colonel Younghusband signed the treaty, which is written in English, Tibetan, and Chinese on one enormous sheet of paper. The Tibetans objected for superstitious reasons to signing any document consisting of more than one sheet.

It had been arranged that during the process of signing a flashlight photograph should be taken of the scene. The flash caused some consternation among the monks. They were reassured, however, by the laughter of the Nepalese and Bhutanees. The monks wandered about the hall, smiling and laughing in the faces of the British officers, eating nuts and dried fruit, and scattering the shells and kernels on the floor.

After the signing and sealing Colonel Younghusband made a speech.

"You have found us bad enemies, when you have not observed treaty obligations and shown disrespect to the British Raj. You will find us equally good friends, if you keep the treaty and show us civility."

### KNIGHT OF WHITECHAPEL.

**East End Jew Created "Ridder" by Queen of Holland.**

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland has caused a very considerable stir in the East End of London.

In her birthday honours list she included the name of Mr. Samuel Strelitskie, of 19, New Castle-street, Whitechapel, and created him a "Ridder."

"Ridder" is the Dutch equivalent of the German "Ritter" and the English "Knight." In making Mr. Strelitskie a Ridder of the Order of Orange Nassau Queen Wilhelmina has conferred a signal mark of honour on the Dutch Jews of the East End, for Mr. Strelitskie is regarded as their unofficial head, and for many years has represented them at official functions.

Ritter Strelitskie is a well-preserved old gentleman of about seventy years. He is a wholesale clothier, and has been in London fifty-two years.

Interviewed by a *Mirror* representative, Ritter Strelitskie, who presides over many charitable societies, said that he had been twice to Marlborough House, where "he had enjoyed himself very much." He was much gratified by his latest honour.

### IRVING'S FAREWELL.

**England's Premier Actor Saying "Good-bye" to the Provinces.**

This day week will be "Black Monday" for players, for on that day, at Cardiff, Sir Henry Irving will begin his long series of farewell performances.

Next week's will be his last appearance in Cardiff, and during the following tour he will say good-bye to many other provincial audiences. Both at Derby and Aberdeen he will appear for the first time.

An interesting incident of this tour will be Sir Henry's return to Sunderland. He has not acted in Sunderland since 1856, when he made his first appearance upon any stage.

Sir Henry will probably have another tour in the spring of next year, followed by a short season at Drury Lane, after which he and his company will set sail for America, where he will bid his good-bye to his many Transatlantic friends.

The great actor will not create any new stage characters. During the whole of his farewell performances he will give nothing but revivals.

### NEW REGIME FOR RUSSIA.

PARIS, Saturday.

Prince Sviatopolk Mirsky, the new Russian Minister of the Interior, interviewed by the correspondent of the "Echo de Paris" at St. Petersburg, said he should inspire his acts with a true and broad liberalism, without, however, attacking the established order of things.

As regarded the Jews, the Prince said that, if they were given absolute liberty, they might rapidly assume too much importance. At the same time, his attitude towards them would be one of great goodwill. He would try to reduce the causes of discontent which engendered Nihilist crimes.—Reuter.

### HOLBEIN'S LONG RIVER SWIM.

Mr. Montague Holbein attempted a fresh-water long-distance swim on Saturday. He started from Trent Bridge, Nottingham, for Newark, a distance of 23 1/2 miles.

Fully 15,000 people witnessed the start. Holbein, on account of the coldness of the water, was thickly coated with grease. He had to leave the water, thoroughly exhausted, at Fardon, about three and a-half miles short of Newark.

## FROM POLAR ICE.

**Discovery Home After Three Years' Voyage.**

### HONOURED BY THE KING.

Last night the following announcement was made by the Admiralty:—

"His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to direct that a new medal for service in the Polar regions shall be struck, and granted to the officers and crew of the *Discovery*, in recognition of the successful accomplishment of their enterprise."

"Commander Robert Falcon Scott, M.V.O., has been promoted to the rank of Captain in the Royal Navy, to date September 10, 1904."

Thus will his Majesty graciously express the nation's admiration for the *Discovery's* gallant crew, whose three years' voyage to the icy, desolate regions of the Antarctic ended on Saturday.

Thousands greeted the explorers with salves of cheers as the *Discovery*, freshly painted, looking spick and span, and none the worse for her terrible voyage, steamed slowly into Portsmouth Harbour on Saturday afternoon.

#### Work They Have Done.

Then, as she came alongside the jetty, relatives and friends of those on board crowded on to the vessel and added to the heartiness of their welcome home.

Captain Scott and the men under him have made many valuable scientific discoveries. They have mapped out part of a hitherto unexplored continent. They have been 240 miles nearer the South Pole than any previous explorers. And they have only lost one life—and that through an accident.

All the fifty men on board looked fit and well. It is said that there will be a grave scandal about the provisions, and that they were so bad that most of them have been brought home again. But the men lived for the most part on seals, puffins, and penguins.

They declare that seal steak is very good, and that with a little practice you can think it as good as beefsteak.

Among the treasures in the hold of the *Discovery*, which consist of many strange geological and natural history specimens, are many eggs of the Emperor puffin, a great bird which weighs close upon a hundred pounds.

#### 100 Degrees of Frost.

Cold has no terrors for these hardened explorers. The sledge expedition that reached furthest south was away from the ship for nearly three months. All the dogs died, and the men had to drag the sledges themselves. They camped out sometimes in nearly 100deg. of frost, but returned little the worse for their extraordinary experience.

After two years' imprisonment in Polar ice, the *Discovery* was released in February last. A gale was blasted out for her by guncock, the Government having sent two relief ships, the *Terra Nova* and the *Morning*, to her assistance.

The *Discovery* will shortly come to London.

### "HOUSE OF HELL."

**Northern Minister's Claim To "Cast Out Devils."**

The Rev. R. Howton, the "miracle worker," of Glossop, is inundated with letters from persons who have heard of his fame.

He is about to visit various towns in the North of England and Scotland, but will not come to London.

Mr. Howton, who makes no charge for his services, claims that he can "cast forth devils." One of his recent patients is an Edinburgh M.A., who was cured after three days' treatment.

Mr. Howton will shortly start a home for his treatment, the building to be named Veth-rhpha, a Hebrew word signifying "House of Hell," in allusion to the miracle worker's power over evil spirits.

### 50,000,000 GALLONS OF WATER WASTED.

As a consequence of the suicide of Julia Glenn, aged forty-three, who was found drowned in the Grand Junction Water Company's reservoir, at Ealing, 50,000,000 gallons of water had to be wasted.

At the inquest on Saturday the coroner complimented the water company on their public spirit. Although no harm could possibly come from drinking the water people would object merely from sentiment.

### WOMAN'S LEAP FROM A FIRE.

Through a cauldron of tar boiling over at a large tenement building in Caversham-street, Chelsea, on Saturday afternoon, the lower floors of the house were rapidly in a blaze, several of the occupants narrowly escaping death.

Finding the staircase in flames, a Mrs. Julia Randall ran in terror to a first floor window and jumped to the ground, breaking a leg. A man named Carr was also injured.



By SIR ALFRED HARMSWORTH.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1.)

paper for ladies, I do not think I could improve upon the first number of the *Daily Mirror*. But I would like to state plainly at once that I have no intention of squandering any more gold in that sphere of activity.

There have been many disastrous experiments in connection with newspapers—very few as costly as my latest. The loss at one time averaged £3,000 a week. Every working morning (that is to say, excluding Sunday) I had the cheerful satisfaction of knowing that was £500 worse off than I was the day before. Those who trouble to read the figures will see that the circulation reached as low as 24,523 a day.

We tried a good many experiments—reduced the paper to twelve pages; we wrote most flattering testimonials of the wares of our advertisers—but the financial position grew steadily worse.

The £3,000 a week did not, of course, include the immense initial expense of advertising—no newspaper was ever so widely advertised as the *Daily Mirror*, more than one daily newspaper actually increasing its size or the mere purpose of printing our advertisements—the cost of printing plant, and the other thousand-and-one adjuncts which must be paid for by those who desire to launch out on the stormy sea of Newspaperdom.

£100,000 had gone and something had to be done. In reply to the £1,000 we offered for suggestions as to what should be done with the *Daily Mirror*, a great many were written. "Stop it," and in the gloomy month of January last there were those of the staff of the *Daily Mirror* who were not disinclined to accept their advice.

But I had some time before determined that if the day of the penny newspaper was over—and I believe it to be over—and if the woman's paper was a failure, the *Daily Mirror* should be relaunched as a halfpenny Illustrated Journal. Those who read the figures published to-day will see that the result was instantaneous.

The only difficulty with regard to the *Daily Mirror* at the present time is the means of producing it. With the exception only of the "Daily Mail," the rise of the *Daily Mirror* has been so rapid as to constitute a record. After the complete alteration of our plans I had anticipated that in two years we might reach a circulation of 1,000,000 copies daily. But I was not prepared for the present sale. The efforts of all concerned in the production of the paper are cramped in the present building. The new *Daily Mirror* building, with its wonderful equipment of Goss pictorial presses, which are now approaching completion, and which are illustrated elsewhere in this issue, will place us in a position to provide everybody who wants the *Daily Mirror* with a well-printed copy each day.

Of the printing of the *Daily Mirror* at present, the less said the better. Very often it is good; occasionally it reminds one of the quaint verse:

There was a little girl, who had a little curl  
Right down the middle of her forehead;  
When she was good, she was very, very good;  
But when she was bad, she was horrid.

In reply to the occasional groans of advertisers on this point, I can only say that I sympathise with them, and would point out that I am charging very low rates for the advertisements. The *Daily Mirror* is at present an exceedingly cheap advertising medium.

As regards the phenomenal success of the paper we do not claim for ourselves all the credit. Everyone has worked hard under exceptional difficulties, but our public—and I speak of them with gratitude and almost affection—have stood by us in a remarkable manner. They have tolerated bad printing at times, and occasionally late delivery; but still many of them have gone out of their way to get new readers. We of the *Daily Mirror* do not forget that. We shall return thanks by giving them the best paper we can. We shall make, no doubt, a good many mistakes, but not the mistake of self-satisfaction.

The most strenuous critics of the newspaper are in the *Daily Mirror* office itself. If there was anything of personal vanity in my young men, it was completely knocked out of them

during the dreary weeks that the circulation was tumbling in thousands.

To-day their wits have been sharpened by experience, and they are bent on producing—and that before many months are over—the best illustrated morning newspaper that brains, capital, and modern science can effect.

ALFRED HARMSWORTH.

### "DAILY MIRROR'S" NEW HOME.

#### A Most Splendidly Equipped Building for an Illustrated Newspaper.

The *Daily Mirror* is at present produced at No. 2, Carmelite-street. This was the original home of the "Daily Mail," and therefore it has been the birthplace of the two greatest British newspaper successes on record.

The demand for the *Mirror* has developed so hugely that its quarters are inadequate. For some months scores of workmen have been engaged in adapting the very large structure at No. 12, Whitefriars-street, E.C., for our purposes, and the work of removal has been started.

At No. 12, Whitefriars-street, the *Mirror* will be produced in its entirety. A complete photo-engraving plant has been installed, and every appliance provided for making half-tone blocks in record-breaking time.

The *Daily Mirror* is printed now upon three rotary machines which have a combined producing capacity of 50,000 copies an hour. To these we are adding two Goss "straightline" presses, specially built for us. They are the only machines of their kind in Europe, and are designed to print half-tone engravings in the very highest style of art. They will have a product of 25,000 an hour each, or a total of 50,000. Thus our printing capacity will be doubled. Other printing machines are now being designed to cope with the half-million a day circulation which there is very little doubt we shall soon earn.

Our premises at No. 12, Whitefriars-street give us one of the largest buildings in the world devoted exclusively to the production of one newspaper. The building contains five floors of great area. In the basement is the huge machine-room, where vast rolls of white paper will be converted into *Mirrors*. The mechanical appliances for transporting the reels from the lorries in the street to their place on the machine are perfect and rapid.

On the ground floor are the counting-house, publishing-room, circulation department, and the headquarters of the advertising manager.

On the first floor are the editorial rooms. Here are installed the managing editor, the news editor, the sub-editors, the artists, the reporters, and the art staff, whose task it is to receive and file photographs and arrange that the staff of photographers employed on the *Mirror* are properly distributed among the news centres.

Information of an explosion, accident, or big news event reaches the *Mirror* office instantly by telegraph or telephone. Within a few minutes a photographer, with full equipment, is ready to start for the scene of the news, be it a mile away or a thousand miles.

The *Mirror* has arrangements with photographers all over the world, who hold themselves at its disposal to photograph any work ordered. These men are selected for their skill, experience, and rapidity. They employ only the best instruments and materials, and spare no cost in delivering their product speedily to the office.

The second floor is devoted to the wonderfully interesting engraving department. Here a photograph can be transformed into a zinc block in an hour or less.

In the same room may be found a huge assortment of photographs of celebrities and famous places. Should a cable arrive, for instance, announcing the destruction by fire of the Opera House in Paris, within a few minutes a clerk has found half a dozen photographs of the building, one of which is selected for publication next morning. At the same time a cable is dispatched to Paris instructing our corps of photographers there to take views of the ruins for publication on the second day.

The *Daily Mirror* has the largest circulation of any illustrated paper in Great Britain, weekly or daily. In all probability, there is no illustrated, daily or weekly anywhere in the world that approaches it in the way of readers. One result of its huge sale is that having the largest clientele it must make the widest possible provision for

A Chartered Accountant's Certificate Showing an Increase by Leaps and Bounds.

DELOITTE, DEVER, GRIFFITHS & CO  
Chartered Accountants.  
105, New York Avenue, New York City.

DELOITTE,  
W. FLENDER,  
J. GRIFFITHS  
& DAVID  
L. MALTBY  
HUGHES & CO.

TELEPHONE NO. 705 JERSEY.  
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS:  
DELOITTE, LONDON.

4, Ladbury London, E.C.

September 9th 1904.

To the Pictorial Newspaper Co Ltd,

Gentlemen,

We have examined the books of the *Daily Mirror*

29th February to 31st August 1904, and hereby certify that the circulation was as follows.

February 29 .....	144,941	April 16 .....	148,449	June 3 .....	153,314	July 19 .....	158,256
March 1 .....	144,549	" 18 .....	148,052	" 4 .....	150,760	" 20 .....	161,188
" 2 .....	146,928	" 19 .....	149,550	" 6 .....	152,078	" 21 .....	164,210
" 3 .....	145,864	" 20 .....	150,680	" 7 .....	152,426	" 22 .....	163,988
" 4 .....	145,837	" 21 .....	149,833	" 8 .....	153,210	" 23 .....	163,988
" 5 .....	146,801	" 22 .....	149,936	" 9 .....	154,200	" 24 .....	172,286
" 6 .....	145,150	" 23 .....	149,902	" 10 .....	153,168	" 25 .....	174,603
" 7 .....	146,871	" 24 .....	150,139	" 11 .....	152,909	" 26 .....	176,936
" 8 .....	147,622	" 25 .....	151,136	" 12 .....	152,908	" 27 .....	177,957
" 9 .....	147,904	" 26 .....	151,164	" 13 .....	152,828	" 28 .....	178,437
" 10 .....	147,338	" 27 .....	151,314	" 14 .....	152,481	" 29 .....	173,503
" 11 .....	147,172	" 28 .....	151,188	" 15 .....	152,327	" 30 .....	169,359
" 12 .....	147,039	" 29 .....	150,691	" 16 .....	152,862	August 1 .....	182,730
" 13 .....	146,634	" 30 .....	150,556	" 17 .....	152,868	" 2 .....	182,163
" 14 .....	146,131	May 1 .....	149,938	" 18 .....	152,460	" 3 .....	182,836
" 15 .....	145,912	" 2 .....	149,511	" 19 .....	154,476	" 4 .....	181,735
" 16 .....	145,116	" 3 .....	149,878	" 20 .....	153,724	" 5 .....	182,345
" 17 .....	146,249	" 4 .....	151,104	" 21 .....	153,837	" 6 .....	182,924
" 18 .....	146,553	" 5 .....	150,694	" 22 .....	154,701	" 7 .....	183,285
" 19 .....	147,685	" 6 .....	150,884	" 23 .....	154,309	" 8 .....	184,991
" 20 .....	150,663	" 7 .....	151,040	" 24 .....	154,644	" 9 .....	184,316
" 21 .....	147,685	" 8 .....	153,104	" 25 .....	153,929	" 10 .....	185,176
" 22 .....	150,956	" 9 .....	151,122	" 26 .....	156,203	" 11 .....	185,652
" 23 .....	150,503	" 10 .....	150,317	" 27 .....	154,890	" 12 .....	187,446
" 24 .....	151,335	" 11 .....	151,248	July 1 .....	155,286	" 13 .....	187,425
" 25 .....	151,466	" 12 .....	150,617	" 2 .....	155,526	" 14 .....	188,984
" 26 .....	150,402	" 13 .....	150,977	" 3 .....	155,089	" 15 .....	189,082
" 27 .....	147,685	" 14 .....	151,456	" 4 .....	155,175	" 16 .....	189,779
" 28 .....	150,884	" 15 .....	150,767	" 5 .....	155,331	" 17 .....	190,944
" 29 .....	151,222	" 16 .....	151,121	" 6 .....	155,743	" 18 .....	190,766
April 1 Good F. Nil.		" 17 .....	150,331	" 7 .....	155,039	" 19 .....	193,093
" 2 .....	146,244	" 18 .....	139,010	" 8 .....	156,997	" 20 .....	198,015
" 3 .....	138,905	" 19 .....	151,046	" 9 .....	155,369	" 21 .....	198,368
" 4 E. Mon. 138,905		" 20 .....	155,362	" 10 .....	155,833	" 22 .....	200,076
" 5 .....	144,286	" 21 .....	150,104	" 11 .....	155,897	" 23 .....	200,370
" 6 .....	145,690	" 22 .....	151,292	" 12 .....	156,639	" 24 .....	201,774
" 7 .....	147,530	" 23 .....	150,035	" 13 .....	157,945	" 25 .....	203,590
" 8 .....	146,828	" 24 .....	149,728	" 14 .....	157,491	" 26 .....	204,706
" 9 .....	145,368	" 25 .....	150,130	June 1 .....	154,500		
" 10 .....	147,300	" 26 .....	150,684	" 2 .....	150,684		
" 11 .....	147,100						
" 12 .....	146,910						
" 13 .....	146,950						
" 14 .....	147,222						
" 15 .....							

LESS THAN 30,000 ON JANUARY 1.

#### A Table Which Demonstrates Our Rise in Popularity and Prosperity.

The figures of our circulation for the first two months of the year are given below in a certificate of chartered accountants.

31 and 32, Broad-street-avenue, E.C., February 26, 1904.

We hereby certify that the number of copies of the *Daily Mirror* and *Daily Illustrated Mirror* supplied to newsgents, subscribers, and the public, from January 1, 1904, to February, 1904, inclusive, was as follows:—

January 1 .....	20,098	January 16 .....	26,184	January 30 .....	77,615	February 13 .....	111,984
" 2 .....	28,814	" 18 .....	25,879	February 1 .....	85,462	" 15 .....	126,592
" 3 .....	31,240	" 19 .....	25,714	" 2 .....	88,605	" 16 .....	128,935
" 4 .....	27,773	" 20 .....	25,633	" 3 .....	90,249	" 17 .....	129,396
" 5 .....	27,832	" 21 .....	25,463	" 4 .....	87,779	" 18 .....	128,499
" 6 .....	27,945	" 22 .....	25,226	" 5 .....	88,423	" 19 .....	131,451
" 7 .....	27,598	" 23 .....	24,885	" 6 .....	87,793	" 20 .....	131,725
" 8 .....	27,223	" 24 .....	24,728	" 7 .....	90,043	" 21 .....	138,237
" 9 .....	26,785	" 25 .....	24,523	" 8 .....	91,640	" 22 .....	139,116
" 10 .....	26,451	" 26 .....	24,801	" 9 .....	94,629	" 23 .....	140,654
" 11 .....	26,005	" 27 .....	24,801	" 10 .....	105,235	" 24 .....	139,612
" 12 .....	26,555	" 28 .....	24,801	" 11 .....	110,451	" 25 .....	144,844
" 13 .....	26,317	" 29 .....	24,801	" 12 .....		" 26 .....	
" 14 .....		" 30 .....					
" 15 .....							

E. LAYTON, BENNETT, and Co., Chartered Accountants.

the information and entertainment of its readers. An illustrated daily paper with a circulation of say, 80,000 (and no daily illustrated paper with such a large circulation exists in England except the *Daily Mirror*) would have fewer readers to interest and its editors would have a much easier time than if they had 200,000 different persons, and, therefore, 200,000 different tastes to cater for.

The new *Mirror* buildings in Whitefriars-street contain a fine composing-room, where the type is set by machinery, and there is an up-to-date stereotyping plant.

A feature of the mechanical department is the nickellating apparatus. In order to harden the stereotype plates and improve their capacity, output a coating of nickel is deposited upon the type-metal plate.

Also the plant of the *Daily Mirror* is the most efficient for its purpose which it is possible for the human brain to devise.







## NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—  
3, CARMELITE STREET, LONDON, E.C.  
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.  
The West End Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—  
45 and 46, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.  
TELEPHONE: 1986 Gerrard.  
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflexed," London.  
PARIS OFFICE: 30, Rue Tailbout.

## Daily Mirror

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1904.

## OURSELVES.

**T**O-DAY is blue-ink day—part of the *Daily Mirror* appears in blue. Why? Because, like a healthy man who wants to run and leap and shout for very joy of life, we want to commemorate our health, our lift, and our entry in the higher ranks of the English daily Press.

Early in January, as Sir Alfred Harmsworth most truly says in his article on pages 1 and 5, even the enthusiasm of the staff of the *Daily Mirror* was in serious danger of evaporation. Before the month was out a change came over the spirit of their dream and over the character of the paper.

On January 27 24,801 people purchased the paper for a penny—178 more than the day before.

On January 28 the price was lowered to a halfpenny, and 71,690 members of the public invested.

From that day the circulation steadily increased, till on August 31, as our accountant's certificate shows, it was 204,706.

The increase has not been on a weekly or monthly average, but a strong, upward tendency day by day. It is now 8,900 more than it was on the last day of last month.

It is a common saying in commercial life that it takes a couple of years to build up a business. The *Daily Mirror* has grown from a loss on turnover at the rate of £156,000 a year to a profit in eight short months.

We sincerely thank the public for their staunch assistance, particularly those who have stood by us from first to last, forming the backbone that no newspaper—or, indeed, other business—can do without, or succeed without.

Sir Alfred Harmsworth has said (and his staff loyally re-echo his words) that we shall not be content to stand still.

No effort will be spared to make the paper unassailable as the finest example of that new and wonderful theory of journalism—"all the news in pictures and paragraphs for a halfpenny a morning."

When our first Goss printing presses, which have been now some time on order, are delivered and set up at our new premises in Whitefriars-street, we shall turn out an illustrated daily paper whose printing will equal that of the expensive weekly journals.

## A MATTER OF OUTPOSTS.

The Tibet Treaty has been signed. Another of our minor Missions has done its duty well.

We have established in our quiet way another suzerainty over an important tract of country.

We have gained the right to watch over a country that will be the key of the coming problem, when the yellow race rises for a while into prominence.

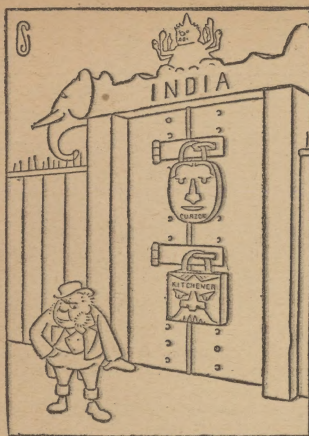
Incidentally, we have gently removed the veil from the last religious mystery of the world. The inhabitants of the impenetrable Lhasa, the holy unapproachable centre of Chinese Buddhism, have already listened to a Cockney accent and attended a race meeting in the suburbs.

Under the treaty now signed, which the whole people of Tibet join in welcoming, the city will emerge into a common-sense and commercial existence.

Judged from the standpoint of an Eastern race, the sturdy fashion in which they resented our intrusion, probably through a mistaken idea of our errand, gives their present feeling of good-fellowship the stamp of permanence.

Had they fallen in at once with our proposals, their underlying intention probably would have been to throw over their obligations at the earliest opportunity.

## ENGLAND IN EGYPT AND INDIA.

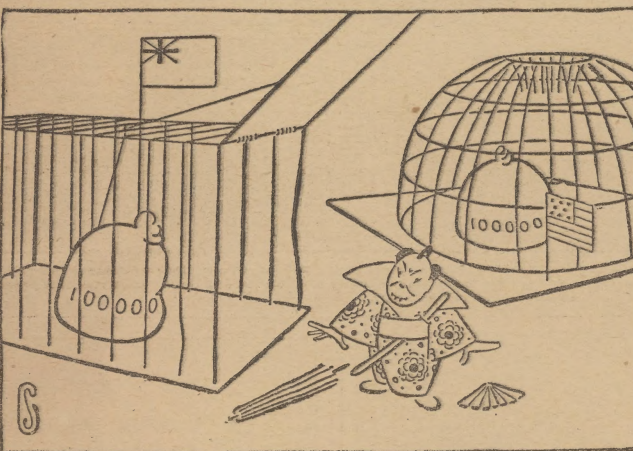


JOHN BULL (who is not quite sure India is safe): I have to examine the locks every day.



JOHN BULL (who has taken root): Try to drag me out of it!

## THE TRUTH OF THE ALLIANCE.



The ANGLO-AMERICAN-JAP: I have got to have that money, but I shall be caught in getting it. (From the "Novoe Vremya.")

## READERS' LETTER-BOX.

## HOSPITAL ABUSE.

It is with the greatest delight that I find the London hospitals availing to the way in which they have been abused.

I remember once while in at a hospital in the Midlands a well-dressed woman driving up in her private carriage and expecting treatment. The same thing happens in London. MEDICO.  
St. Mary's-terrace, Paddington.

## CONGRATULATIONS.

Accept my sincere congratulations for having at last succeeded in obtaining justice to Mr. Beck. I have taken great interest in this case, and, to quote you, think it is about time, not only in the interest of Mr. Beck, but to ensure the safety of the general community by correcting our police methods of securing convictions, that the present inquiry should be made.

MRS. ALFRED HOWARD.  
8, Elvaston-place, Queen's Gate.

## POLICE "EFFICIENCY" AGAIN.

I was by the side of the Thames at East Greenwich on Saturday, and noticed half-a-dozen lads rummaging about on some barges moored just off the shore. One of them was keeping watch.

Presently the look-out shouted: "Here come the police," and, after looking at an approaching police-boat, added: "It's all right; they can't get here for a quarter of an hour."

There were three men in the police-boat. The tide and wind were against them, and they could hardly move their boat forward. The boys took their time, finished their business on the barge, and went ashore long before the police-boat reached them.

Why cannot the river police be provided with some reasonably up-to-date method of getting about? It is quite impossible for them to properly patrol the river and docks in clumsy row-boats. BROMLEY. DISGUSTED.

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

## Commander Scott of the Discovery.

OF course, he is not really as young as he looks, or he would still be at school. You have to know him very well before you even imagine that he spent his thirty-sixth birthday while he was still down at the other end of the world.

He has a number of gifts peculiar to himself. He never has to get angry or cross, or, at least, very seldom. He can, if it is necessary, but it is very seldom. If he wants to administer a severe reproof he does it so nicely that the man reproved cannot feel angry with him, and so feels his "wiggling" twice as much.

Then his lightest word is law. Exactly why nobody knows; but it is. His men will do anything for him.

Just as people cannot quarrel with him, so they cannot quarrel with each other while he is about. He puts out a quarrel like a bucketful of oil. And he is so absurdly happy the whole time that nobody else can be grim.

Perhaps the greatest secret of his power is that he never talks and never fusses. If there is anything to be done he does not try and look as though he were directing the work. He prefers people to think they are doing it all by themselves. But he is keeping a very close watch, in spite of appearances.

He likes a hard life, too; because very little soft living would allow him to get fat.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

To treat all subjects in the highest, the most honourable, and the pluckiest spirit consistent with the fact, is the first duty of a writer. In the humblest sort of literary work we have it in our power either to do great harm or great good. . . . and since that is so we contribute to build up the sum of sentiments and appreciations which goes by the name of public opinion or public feeling.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

**T**HE illness of General Sir William Nicholson, the British Military Attaché with the Japanese Army, is a serious blow to the Army, and also to Sir William personally, for he is a man devoted to his profession. He must be very ill, too, to have found it necessary to leave the front at such a time as the present. He has served in every "little war" for many years, but his reputation rests principally on his gallant work in India, and his performances in the South African war. By instinct he is a keen sportsman, but he has placed his profession so far ahead of everything else that he has been unable to indulge his tastes in that direction for many years.

Lady Nicholson, a tall, handsome woman, of French descent, takes her husband's place in the world of sport, and does it very thoroughly. Among other things she is a splendid shot with both rifle and gun, and founded two very successful ladies' rifle clubs while she was in India. A pair of racing trotters of hers were famous, too, for the innumerable prizes they took. She is blessed with real pluck, as she showed when, during the absence of her husband, she fearlessly stalked and shot a mad dog on the hillside some distance from her house in Simla.

As president of the Royal Geographical Society Sir Clements Markham was one of the first people to board the *Discovery* at Spithead on her return from the Antarctic seas. Polar exploration has always had his greatest enthusiasm, and half a century has now elapsed since he first tried his hand at cutting a way into the icy mysteries of those frozen realms. Great as may be the advantages to be gained by exploration at the Poles, it was in a far warmer region that he did work which has been of greatest value to humanity.

He it was who introduced the Chinchona tree from South America into British India, where it is now of the greatest value as a specific against the most deadly forms of malaria. It was unknown except in South America, and the secret of its powers was strictly guarded; but Sir Clements Markham discovered them, and the Chinchona tree now flourishes in India as a perpetual monument to him.

## TO WINTER IN AMERICA.

Mr. Forbes Robertson is keeping to the programme he mapped out for himself to a New York reporter. To spend the spring and summer in England and the winter in America is his idea of getting the best out of stage life. Accordingly he starts on the final stage of his English career at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, to-night. A short tour in the provinces follows, and then he departs across the Atlantic for the winter, so Londoners must say good-bye to him until next year. He is a good example of the fact that success is to be sought on the stage by many years of hard work, for it is now thirty years since he decided to take to acting seriously. Before that he had devoted himself to painting, and worked at the academy schools, with only occasional excursions into amateur theatricals.

America has sent us many charming actresses, but none more so than Mrs. Forbes Robertson, known to all lovers of the stage as Miss Gertrude Elliott. Perhaps it is her love for America which has induced her husband to decide to spend the winters there. She first appeared in London in "The Lady and the Cowboy," in a caste which included her sister, Miss Maud Elliott, and her brother-in-law, Mr. Nat Goodwin. So great a hit did she make that at the conclusion of the run she was persuaded to stay in England. By a strange coincidence the American company left London on the very day that Miss Elliott made her first appearance in the new part, and it took all the resources of the theatrical make-up, and the redness of eyes, for she had never before been separated from her elder sister, to whom she was passionately attached.

Prince Herbert Bismarck, who is lying seriously ill, is a living example of the exception which proves the rule of hereditary genius. He is always reputed to have inherited nothing from his father, the great German Chancellor, and his constitution. Of late years even that has failed him. Still, though he has never been able to win a place in German political life, and has proved himself to be singularly lacking in statesmanship whenever he has had the chance, he is a most delightful companion in private life, and has a wide circle of friends, who will feel his illness deeply.

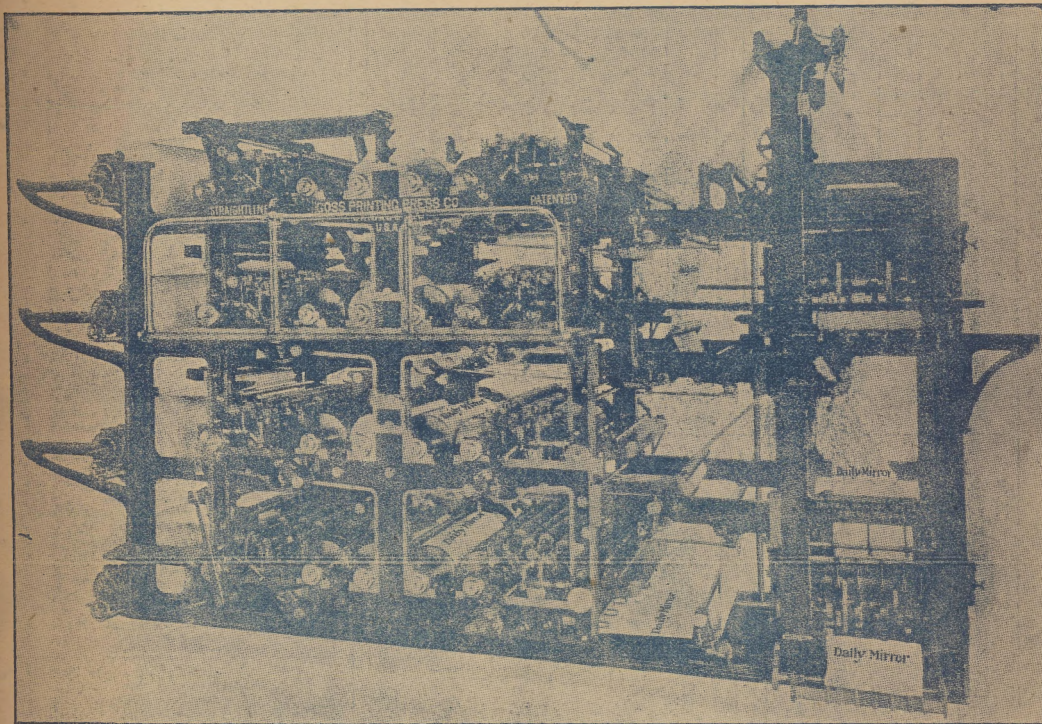
## THE BECK INQUIRY.

The Home Secretary before granting the Inquiry had quite a series of shocks to his nervous system. He dined out, and it gave him a start when he discovered "Becasse à la Christiania" and "Becfigue rôtie" on the menu. He went to a concert, and the piano was a Bechstein. A peer came up and shook hands with him. It was the Earl of Bective. He went to the theatre, and the play was "Becket." He was looking through his dictionary, and he found that the old name for a peewee was "Beck human." He received a cheque, and it was on the Birkbeck. He went fishing, and arrived at Troutbeck. He took a stroll into the country, and found himself at Tooting Bec. And for the rest of the afternoon, as acquaintances passed him, he did not greet them with "nods and Becks and weathered smiles."—G. R. Sims, in the "Referee."



# PICTURES ILLUSTRATING THE MAKING OF THE "DAILY MIRROR"

THE MACHINE THAT WILL PRINT THE "MIRROR."



It is with these wonderful machines that the "Daily Mirror" will in future be printed. This ingenious piece of mechanism not only prints the paper, but also folds each copy separately and counts them out in bundles of one quire at a time. Each machine produces 50,000 "Mirrors" an hour.

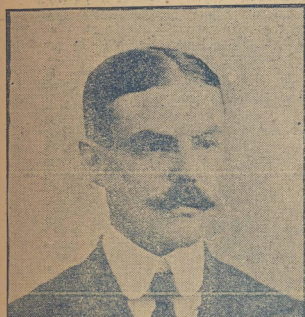
SOUTHEND PICTURE COMPETITION.



We will award each of these two Southend visitors five shillings and a "Mirror" fountain pen—



—if they apply at the "Daily Mirror" tent on the beach.



Mr. J. A. C. McCalman and Miss Constance Mary Ritchie, daughter of the Lord Mayor, who were to be married to-day at St. Stephen's, Walbrook. It is now announced that the marriage will not take place.—(See page 3.)



Notts Forest v. Bury at Nottingham. A goal for the home team.

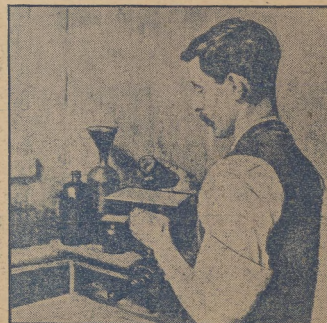
## Making the "Mirror" Zinco Picture Blocks: A series of photographs illustrating the whole process



A retouching artist at work. His duty is to brighten up the appearance of the photograph, which is afterwards passed on to—



—the operators in the camera room, where a "screen negative" is made from the photograph. The negative is the first step in the process of half-tone block making. This negative is sent to—



—the printer, who is seen here sensitising a piece of zinc, on which he prints a positive from the "screen negative."



At this stage the art of the printer is to paint portions before it is printed.



# "MIRROR": GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OVER 200,000 COPIES A DAY.

PRINTER'S DESK.



out the "copy" to the com- who set it in type for the "Mirror."

THE LINOTYPE DEPARTMENT.

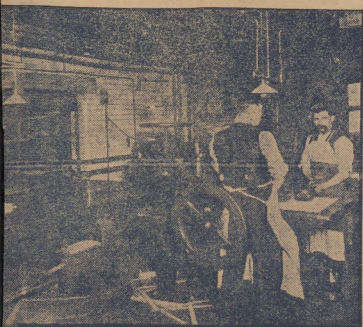


Some of the men at work setting up type for the "Mirror."

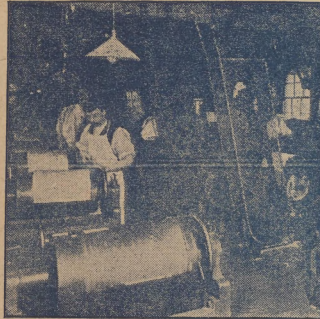
THE "DAILY MIRROR'S" NEW PREMISES.



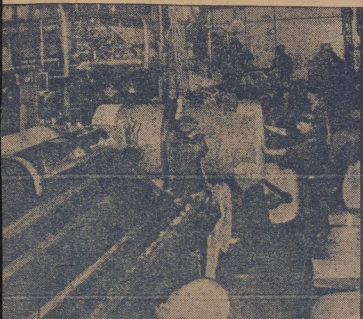
12, Whitefriars-street, Fleet-street, the new home of the "Daily Mirror." The most up-to-date printing, publishing, and engraving plant in the world has been installed here.



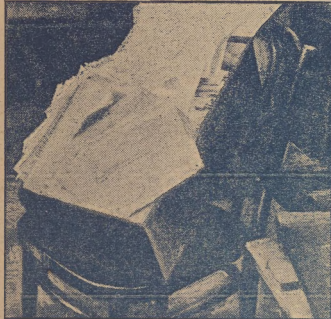
to "matrix," or mould, from which the metal of a "Mirror" page is afterwards made.



The Foundry: Putting the finishing touches on the metal cast of two pages of the "Mirror."



the machine room, showing some of the huge machinery used for printing.

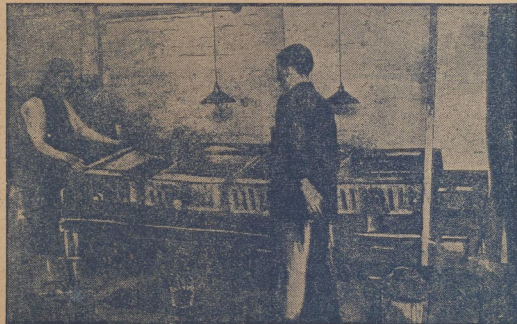


Some of the thousands of Press telegrams which pour into the "Mirror" office daily.

## of making the half-tone engravings by which photographs are reproduced in the "Daily Mirror."



takes over solid black plate in—



—the etching acid baths, which are of various strengths. The plate is first put in the weaker baths to bring out the detail on the zinc, and afterwards in the stronger ones, when the etching process finishes.



The beveller then sets to work and trims the edges of the plate, leaving a bevel on the sides, so that it can be tacked on its metal base.



The engraver then steps in and puts the finishing touches on the zinc, cutting out all superfluous spots and blemishes.



## FASHIONABLE WRAPS FOR SEPTEMBER'S CHILLY DAYS.

### OLD FRIENDS RETURN.

#### THE VOGUE OF THE FITTED THREE-QUARTER COAT.

The picture on this page is devoted to autumn coats that fit the figure closely, and well it may be, for such wraps are at the height of modishness this autumn. Women may assert their preference for capes and half-fitting mantles, and put their liking for such models to a practical end, by choosing them instead of the new coat, but all the same, it will occupy the pinnacle of the modes.

#### Individuality Considered.

It must be remembered, however, that a compromise is always possible, and though it is perfectly true that the three-quarter length, single-breasted coat, clinging as if glued to the figure, has taken the place of the Russian blouse, there is a basque coat made that recalls to mind very forcibly the former favourite. All the same, the strictly smart coat does fit closely, and is built with a tightly fitting vest, and either with a flat collar of velvet or with no collar at all. The novelty of the sleeve is its plainness. In place of the flowing sleeve, the puffed sleeve, and the much-trimmed sleeve, the conventional coat sleeve will be used, though here again we find fashion complacent, and the range of patterns an erroneous one.

A jaunty coat with a basque is another new model that will be much seen during the coming season. The basque reaches just over the hips and the front of the coat, and is cut in one piece. Three-quarter double-breasted coats are also to be much in favour when fitted as if moulded to the figure.

#### Skirts Both Long and Short.

The skirts made to wear with these closely-fitting tailor-made coats are very carefully cut and modelled, so that they hang gracefully; and though pleats are a feature of the autumn's walking skirts the three-quarter coat is usually best accompanied by a plain skirt. When pleats are introduced a variety of pretty and novel ways of arranging them may be devised, keeping the fact in mind that while the hips must be closely draped the skirt beneath the knees must be very full indeed.

The Directoire coat made of velvet, silk, or satin, with deep gauntlet cuffs to the sleeves and a lace jabot at the throat, will be much seen this autumn. Velvet or supple cloth coats in this design are to be quite the smartest vogue, worn with a vest of soft kid exquisitely embroidered in silk threads.

#### Demands of the Directoire.

Among the tailor-made gowns it is interesting to note that quite half as many of the skirts just touch the ground as those made of instep length. The three-quarter and Directoire coats would look absolutely absurd with a short skirt.

Nowadays, with the well-dressed girl smart clothes mean, first of all, clothes suited to the occasion. And it is the idea of suitability that she will bear in mind when choosing her new gowns. It will always be the tailor hat that is chosen with the tailor-made frock, and the more picturesque model with the purposely picturesque frock. This coming season more than ever before the hat and the gown with which it is worn bear a striking resemblance as far as colouring goes, and the one with the rather high crown and a decidedly large brim is one of the new autumn shapes developed in gauged, shaded velvet.

### RATIONAL DRESS.

#### TOO UGLY TO ATTRACT.

An amusing experience recently occurred to a lady who was lecturing to women against the uses of the corset. It was in a hall in Germany that she spoke about reform in dress, adding that the clothes she wore were perhaps ugly, but that they were

practical. "Nobody, I am sure, would dream of asking me to marry him," she said, meaning that her attire was too unbecoming to attract anyone.

Then a man rose and called out, "Madame, you are mistaken. I ask you to be my wife, as you are the only woman I have ever met whom I could afford to keep." It must be added that this man was a journalist, and no doubt did not expect to be taken at his word, but he raised a laugh and went home happy—happier, perhaps, than if he had

### CAUSE OF WRINKLES.

#### GOOD NATURE BRINGS SOME OF THEM.

There are several kinds of wrinkles. Wrinkles caused by laughing first show in parentheses round the mouth. Wrinkles caused by grimaces and mannerisms first show in deep marks round the

ordinary observer they look like the marks of middle-age and nothing else.

#### Furrows Near the Brow.

The eye wrinkles are small and fine. Often they make a network round the eyes, something like a cobweb. The furrows are quite different from wrinkles. They begin as wrinkles, but grow into something worse. The furrows and creases come in the mobile parts of the face. They disfigure the forehead, and they come between the eyes.

The deepest frown in the face appears in two straight lines between the eyes. This soon grows into a deep crease and then into a furrow. Once it has reached the furrow stage there is very little that can be done for it. The texture of the skin is broken, and henceforth the furrow will be there.

The lines of deep thought come on the forehead and extend across it, and it is the habit of wrinkling the forehead when in doubt that is responsible for these lines. They are heavy, and they grow dark in colour, which makes them more conspicuous. Running across nearly every middle-aged forehead there are these lines of thought, and it can be said that they are far from pretty, as well as far from pleasing.

#### To Banish Wrinkles.

The deep wrinkles between the eyes may be treated in several ways. But the best way is a combination of them all. The wrinkle must be steamed by a hot compress method, and then the face must be washed. To do this properly steam it, cover it with a soapy lather, and let the lather remain on five minutes. Then wash the face well with a dozen waters to take all the soap off. If your plan is to use no soap on the face carry this prescription but without the soap.

Very often that which appears to be a deep wrinkle is nothing more than a clogged state of the pores. The wrinkle will look dark and there will seem to be a heavy line across the forehead. Steam it and free the pores, and the wrinkles will almost disappear.

There is a beauty establishment where they take out your wrinkles while you wait. The process is this: Your face is steamed with hot cloths and a lather of shaving soap is spread upon your skin. The whole is then washed with specially prepared waters. The first water is plain. The second is softened with borax; then there is a return to plain hot water, three rinsings of it.

Next, the face is bathed with a very weak solution of carbolic acid, something like half a gallon of water and ten drops of carbolic acid. Finally, the skin is gently dried with hot cloths and the whole face, especially the wrinkled portion, is dusted with powder.

When the operation is completed the wrinkles have disappeared. But there is no guarantee that they will not come again unless they are valiantly kept at bay.

### AUTUMN EVENINGS.

Indian net embroidery is a form of fancy work so old that upon its return to fashion it possesses all the charm and attraction of novelty. The ground-work is a net of stout texture and extremely coarse mesh, in white or specially-dyed tones of dull blue, mulberry gold, or green, and the embroidery consists of patterns of Oriental origin, the stitches being of the nature of those used for old Indian samplers. It is very easy to obtain splendid colour effects, and the work is simple and inexpensive.

This sampler style of decoration is enjoying unusual favour for dress trimmings, table covers, cushions, sachets, and decorative purposes generally.

Sampler work offers practically endless possibilities for variety and therefore appeals to the woman of original ideas as well as to the one who prefers to follow set designs and conventional patterns.

## Beauty.

**ICILMA FLUOR CREAM.** Nature's harmless complexion tonic, immediately restores the delicate pearly hue, and prevents the skin from becoming shiny when warm. Deliciously perfumed. Cleanses, softens, and smooths the skin. Send 2d. stamps for two samples (different scents). Icilma Co., Ltd. (Dept. B), 142, Gray's Inn-rd., London, W.C.



The models illustrated above are two of the smartest forms the tailor-made coat of the autumn is taking. One of them shows how a three-quarter coat can be built so that the strained aspect of the more usual and simple scheme is avoided, and the other is a short coat made of black faced cloth with electric-blue revers and a double-breasted waistcoat.

been accepted by the lady in rational attire. Any woman who has seen this type of raiment will agree with the lecturer in calling it ugly; the question arises: Is it not possible to dress rationally and prettily as well?

nose, sometimes furrowing the cheeks like great seams.

The laughing wrinkles are supposed to be beautiful. They are the wrinkles of good nature, so the advocates of wrinkles will tell you. But to the

Take the most soiled article you can find;  
rub it back and front with Fels-Naptha soap;  
soak it in any water—soft or hard—for a half-  
hour; rub it a little; rinse it. If you are  
not delighted your grocer will give you back  
your money.

Go by the book.

A SEVERE TEST  
OF  
FELS-NAPHTHA.



# Some Amusing Hints for the Aspiring Politician.

"Politics for the Pocket," which makes its appearance to-day, is an amusing little book on the lines of the "Inside Completeyours Britannia-wire."

Some of the hits are extremely clever. To the intending Premier is given this sage advice:—

"You will first take care to be born. Neglect of this simple precaution has deprived the world of many a great statesman."

These are specimen questions in an examination paper for budding politicians:—

"Divide the Liberal Party. (Only beginners need attempt this simple problem.)"

"If a lord and a half walks an inch and a half in an hour and a half, how long will it take the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill to get through the House?"

"Explain the phrase: I am now a little above Pa." State by which member of the Cabinet it was used.

"Decline Mr. Winston Churchill. (For Oldham electors only.)"

Writing of the House of Commons the authors say:—

"The buildings themselves are handsome and commodious, comprising smoking-rooms, dining-rooms, reading-rooms, bathrooms, dressing-rooms, and a splendid library, the gift of Mr. Andrew Carnegie. There is also a debating hall."

"But its crowning glory is a beautiful Terrace, with a capital T."

factids:—

"You may take Mr. Balfour to the country, but you can't make him think."

"Forty winks are as good as a nod to a sleepy Duke."

"Too much cooking spoils the figures."

"Shall we tax our Little Maori's Lamb?"

"England expects every foreigner to pay her duty."

"If you gamble with the food of people you may lose your steaks."

"Another plant from the Highbury hothouse."

"A big loaf is as good as no bread to a dead man."

"There are twelve million politicians on the verge of oration."

"The colonies are dear, but bread will be dearer."

"The following hints may be valuable 'To those in search of a situation':—"

"Lord Halsbury begs to announce that he has thousands of lucrative sinecures upon his books."

"Square pegs fitted into round holes with promptitude and dispatch."

"WALK UP! WALK UP!"

"We are positively giving these appointments away."

"YOU ALL HAVE A CHANCE."

"First come, first served" is our Motto."

"Why toil for a living at the bar, when a judgeship can be had for the asking?"

"Lord Halsbury's sensational appointments have caused the greatest stir throughout the country."

"Mr. Justice Blank writes: 'Your kind present.'"

"Mr. Justice Dash writes: 'My Dear Uncle Halsbury.'"

Dowie's Brother Convinced Him of

Falsely Slandering His Mother.

Andrew Dowie, the brother of John, has convicted the "Profit" of Zion City of yet another untruth.

A speech in New York John Alexander Dowie declared he was the son of a colonel of the Scots Greys, who had betrayed his mother into a Scotch marriage and then deserted her. This colonel, he said, was the son of a nobleman.

Now his brother, Andrew Dowie, who lives in Adelaide, publicly contradicts this in the "Sydney Bulletin." He says that John Murray Dowie lived at Mrs. McFarlane's house in Edinburgh for about a year, and then, in 1847, married her. Some two months later John Alexander Dowie was born, and he was registered as a son of John Murray Dowie. Father and mother devoted their whole lives to the future "Profit's" education.

"I give this information," says Andrew Dowie, "as a protest against his ingratitude and unkindness towards John Alexander Dowie."

The nobleman's son Dowie claims as his father died two years before the "Profit" was born.

ALAKE'S TEETOTAL SUBJECTS.

The annual report on the trade of Lagos, by Sir William Macgregor, who visited England with the Alake of Abeokuta, says many important chiefs have declared themselves as hostile to the consumption by people of large quantities of imported liquors. As a matter of fact, one hardly ever sees a drunken man in a native town.

Cracksman's Haul of Novels and

a Prayer-book.

Reports from every part of the country show that the professional cracksman is especially busy at this season of the year.

At Reading, as an instance, house after house has been broken into with impunity.

On the other hand, at the Mansion House on Saturday a man named William Simpson was brought up who had, on his own admission, broken into a business house by taking precautions to secure escape with his booty. A constable heard glass being broken in the premises of Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co., publishers, in Dorset-street, E.C., early on Saturday morning, and saw Simpson on the roof. After a chase, he was captured with a carpet-bag in his possession.

In reply to the charge of burglary, Simpson said: "All right. I got in by way of the fanlight, but it was not large enough for me to get out through with this portmanteau and bundles, and so I had to smash the glass." According to a constable, he also remarked, at the police station, "This is the disadvantage of working single-handed."

In his possession was found the following collection of articles:—

A Prayer-book, } A life-preserver, }  
Three novels, } A chisel. }

A hand mirror, }

Simpson, who was shabbily dressed, and regarded the police-court proceedings with a sullen air, was remanded.

# LOVE AT A PRICE.

By J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND.

CHAPTER XXXI. The Cipher.

Gramphorn sat alone in his small office in Walbrook. In the room outside his clerk-secretary tapped unceasingly on typewriter. A tiny, quick-witted office boy completed his whole establishment. It was indeed a change from the palatial offices of the Mashangweland Companies.

It was a bright, sunny morning, but the sun did not penetrate into the gloomy recesses of the office, which looked on the wall of a courtyard. A single electric light illuminated Gramphorn's stern and rugged features. An open newspaper lay before him—a copy of that morning's "Times"—and the financier's face darkened as he stared hard at a certain short paragraph in its columns. The paragraph ran as follows:—

"We have it on the best authority that the Government is going to relinquish its claims to Mashangweland, and that the Germans are going to make substantial concessions on the east coast of Africa. Having regard to the recent scandals in connection with this country, we are sure that this information will not cause a single pang of regret in the hearts of patriotic Englishmen."

Gramphorn gazed at the words till they were burnt like letters of fire into his brain. They had been cabled by the "Times" correspondent from Berlin, and were possibly inspired by some high official. Gramphorn knew well the moderation and accuracy of the paper that lay before him—a paper that took no account of rumours, and that verified its statements with untiring research.

The lines deepened on his face and his eyes glowed with sullen fire. This was the end of everything, the reward of his labours, the guerdon for which he had sacrificed his entire fortune, eye, and even his reputation. It was for this that he had drawn innumerable innocent people into the meshes of his schemes. It was for this that he had sent men out to die, that he had ruined the happiness of George Stemon and Juliet Amerlic, that this was the end of the battle. The German flag was to be hoisted at Corbado, and he, John Gramphorn, was to sit quietly in his little office, as impotent as the clerk that tapped on the typewriter.

He rose to his feet with a low cry of rage, and seizing a map of Mashangweland which hung on the wall he tore it into a hundred pieces. "So much for patriotism," he said to himself. "Thank God there is still something else left in the world. Juliet has promised to be my wife." He sat down in his chair, and, taking a leather case from his pocket, opened it and gazed earnestly at the portrait of the beautiful woman who was earnest expression of her face had been reproduced with marvellous fidelity. He looked at the portrait for more than a minute, and then, replacing it in his pocket, he sighed. This woman was going to be his wife, but she did not love him.

Then the door opened, and the office boy entered. "If you please, sir," he said in a shrill voice, which all Gramphorn's efforts had been unable to

soften to a more business-like tone. The financier frowned.

"Well?" he asked sharply.

"If you please, sir," said the boy, "there's a lady to see you," and he produced a card between his finger and thumb. Gramphorn took it from him and read the name.

"Show her in," he said, with a pleasant smile, "and you and Jenkins can both go out to lunch."

The boy departed, and his face broadened into a grin, as he disappeared. A moment later Juliet entered, and Gramphorn rose to his feet. She closed the door and came quickly towards him with outstretched hands. He took them and raised them to his lips. He noted that her face was bright with gladness, and his heart beat fast with expectation. As a rule, she was rather cold and reserved in her greetings.

"Sit down," she cried, eagerly, "sit down. I have got news for you. I have found it. Sit down and I will tell you all about it." Gramphorn gazed at her sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks with a puzzled smile.

"What have you found, Juliet?" he asked, as he resettled himself. She came up to him and laid one of her hands on his shoulder.

"Your heart's desire," she said, in a low voice.

"My heart's desire," he replied slowly, "is that you should love me, Juliet. Is it that which you have found?"

A shadow crossed the girl's face and she drew away her hand.

"There was a time when your heart was only concerned with the future of Mashangweland."

"There was," he replied. "I am not ashamed to admit it. But now you have come into my life, and Mashangweland"—he pointed to the paragraph in the "Times." Juliet read it and laughed.

"Things move slowly in diplomatic circles," she said. "There will be time to stop all that. You have not given up the fight, have you?"

"I have given up the fight," Gramphorn replied, rising to his feet; "I am beaten. See there," and he pointed to the torn pieces of the map on the floor. "There lies Mashangweland," he continued. "To-night it will be placed in the dust heap. I have other use for my hands. The grip of Emere is not all there in the world. Hands were meant to hold and clasp the things we love, Juliet, as I shall one day hold and clasp you—till death." He held out his hands as though to embrace her, but she shrank from him. His arms dropped to his side, and he bowed his head.

"If I have not your love," he said humbly, "I indeed have no use for these hands, this heart, or brain." The tears came to Juliet's eyes. The sight of a strong man so broken was terrible to witness.

"I do not love you," she replied; "but I can give you happiness. I can give you Mashangweland."

"Damn Mashangweland!" he cried hoarsely; "give me yourself, Juliet, give me your heart. If I ask, Juliet looked at him steadily in the eyes, and they dropped before her gaze. He felt like Judas the Apostate. He had blasphemed the God he had set up to be the idol of his life.

"I will give you Mashangweland," she repeated, drawing some pieces of paper, crumpled and dirty, from a small bag which hung from her belt. "Take these," and she handed him the unrecognisable string of letters which she had wrested from Arthur Wilkins.

"It conveys nothing to my mind," said Gramphorn, as he read the document.

"Now, read this," she said, giving him the narrow slip of blue paper that Lieber had given her.

"This also conveys nothing to my mind," said Gramphorn; "but I presume it is the key to the other."

"It is the key," replied Juliet; "I have worked it all out. I will tell you how these fell into my hands." And she told him, as briefly as possible, the story of the two documents. Gramphorn listened in silence.

"Now then," she concluded, "I will show you what I have made of them." She produced a third piece of paper in her own handwriting. Every three letters were bracketed together as follows:—

ICVYKUWOHLUMBEYRBUXY  
123456783456134661245  
Have found gold estate  
NFTJHLMKHXOYVKIFIDEXV  
612356612346123451234  
here e f l i e s i n t h e A c c u r  
and so on through the whole document.

"It is very simple," she said. "It might have been deciphered by an expert without the key. First comes the letter, and then underneath a number. You have merely to go back through the alphabet a certain number of places from the original letters. The number of places is indicated by the figure underneath. It is very simple."

Gramphorn did not answer. His eye disregarded the two unintelligible lines of letters and figures, and was fixed steadily on the third line—the translation which Juliet had worked out for him.

"Gold," he muttered, as though to himself, "gold in Mashangweland! It is not true. It's a hoax."

"This is a private letter," interrupted Juliet; "a dying man would scarcely play a practical joke on his father."

"And if it is true," said Gramphorn, "no one will believe it. Gold in Mashangweland! In German territory! It's impossible. I do not believe it." And throwing the papers to the floor he turned away from Juliet Amerlic. She stooped, and, picking up the documents, replaced them in her small leather bag. Then she paused, uncertain how to act. The man who stood before her was not the John Gramphorn she had once known—the man of action, quick to think and quick to strike. He stood irresolute and uncertain, as though he were as though he had no personal interest in the news she had brought to him, as though Mashangweland were a country mentioned in some history of the Middle Ages. She came to his side, and placing her hand on his arm looked up anxiously at his face.

"Your heart's desire," she murmured. "But if you don't act quickly all will be lost to you—and to England." He tried to clasp her in his arms, but she slipped from his clasp, and faced him with flashing eyes.

"This is no time for love," she cried; "forget me. Be the man you were when I first met you. I have given you the weapon. Strike with it, and strike hard."

"And if it break in my hand?"

"Let it break," she cried, scornfully; "it will at any rate break in the hands of a fighting man, who has done his best for England. I will leave you. You know how to act. Good-bye." She held out her hand, and he raised it to his lips.

"Good-bye," he said, and she gave him the papers. Let me have the papers," she gave them to him.

"Remember," she said, "for England."

"Aye," he replied, "and for you." She left the room without another word.

Gramphorn resented himself at his desk, and carefully re-read Alured's letter. It ran as follows:—

Have found gold at last. The reef lies in the Accursed Mountains. I shall not return alive. About twenty-five miles north-east by east from the last cataract between two hills you will find a small cove of stones; 500 paces due south of this there is an outcrop. Love to yourself and Patricia, and good-bye.—JACK.

"If this is true," he said to himself, "and if I can persuade the Government that it is true, I have them all in the hollow of my hand. But I must act at once."

Before nightfall he had obtained an interview with the Foreign Secretary, who promised nothing definite, but who seemed ready to pay some attention to Gramphorn's arguments. He also

arranged with a mining engineer of repute to start in three days' time for Mashangweland.

It was nearly nine o'clock when he returned to his apartments in Bloomsbury. He devoured a little cold meat in feverish haste, and then turned his attention to a paper by which he had come in by the last post. Among them was a short note from Juliet, urging him to fight for Mashangweland with all his strength. He smiled as he read it. A short time ago he would have laughed at the idea of being spurred on to action by the words of a woman. His mother was asleep by the fire-side, and raising the letter to his lips he kissed it passionately.

The last envelope in the pile was dirty, and made of thin, cheap paper. The name and address were scrawled in an almost illegible handwriting. He opened it without interest, and pulled out a ragged scrap of paper. It contained nothing but the following text:—

"See II. Samuel, xii. 7."

Gramphorn looked at it with a grim smile. It conveyed nothing to his mind, and he was half inclined to throw it into the fire. But curiosity which prevails even in the minds of strong men prompted him to find out the message. He tapped his mother on the shoulder, and she blinked at him with her keen old eyes.

"Got a Bible, mother?" he asked. She regarded him with astonishment, as though he had asked for the moon.

"And what do you want with a Bible?" she said severely; "have you come to realise that it is the most precious thing in all the world? Have my prayers been answered?"

"Where is it?" he asked, abruptly.

"Here, asleep to my hand," she replied, pointing to a leather-bound volume on a small table by her. Gramphorn removed the spectacles which lay on the cover, and hunted up the quotation. When he found it, he closed the book, and shrugged his shoulders. The verse conveyed nothing to his mind.

"And Nathan said to David, thou art the man," Gramphorn looked at his attention to other matters, but the text lingered unpleasantly in his mind, and before he went to bed that night he again opened the Bible and turned to the Second Book of Samuel. He read the whole text carefully through from beginning to end. It was the well-known parable of the one ewe lamb, and the following sentence caught Gramphorn's eye and riveted his attention:—

"As the Lord liveth, the man that has done this thing shall surely die."

It was David's unconscious judgment on his own crime. Gramphorn began to see and understand. He had robbed the writer of the letter of his one ewe lamb. He had racked his brain in vain for any clue to the man's secret. So many had been sacrificed in the days of his power and prosperity. So many had perished in the grip of the empire-builder. So many lives and fortunes had been required in the gigantic struggle for Mashangweland. He turned out the gas and went up to bed.

It was a wet night, and a sudden change of the wind was driving the rain into the bedroom. Gramphorn drew up the blind to close the window, and as he did so, he noticed a man huddled up against the railings of the square under the shelter of some trees. He looked at the crouching figure for a few seconds, then a policeman came up and ordered the man to move on. A small, bent figure, shuffled along the wet pavement and disappeared. Gramphorn closed the window and thought no more of the matter.

But when the loafer reached the corner of the square he turned round, and raising his shivering and trembling arms, looked up at the dark heavens above him.

"As the Lord liveth," he muttered, "the man that has done this thing shall surely die."

Then he once more dragged his weary body through the driving rain and darkness.

(To be continued.)



## Emile l'Angelier Keeps His Last Tryst.

### THE SLEEP OF DEATH.

Madeleine Smith, a beautiful, young Scotch girl, was tried in Edinburgh on June 10, 1857, for the murder of her lover.

Without question the lover, Emile l'Angelier, died of poisoning, for in his body were found, after death, no fewer than 88 grains of arsenic.

After an historic trial, made more notable by the production of a passionate series of love letters from Madeleine to l'Angelier, the jury returned a Scotch verdict of "Not Proven."

During our study of the Maybrick case this great trial and remarkable verdict were often mentioned; striking parallels between the two cases were established; and a request came from many of our readers that we should relate the circumstances of the older tragedy.

The motives urged against Madeleine Smith at her trial were (1) that she had hired of her secret intriguer with l'Angelier, a penniless clerk, whom she knew her wealthy parents would never let her marry; (2) her family was forcing her into an engagement with a neighbour, a Mr. William Minnoch, a prosperous young Glasgow merchant; (3) l'Angelier would not release her, but threatened to show her horrible love letters to her father.

To-day we tell the story how l'Angelier sets out to see his mistress and staggers home to die.

### CHAPTER XIII.

The Journey for Health—Madeleine Buys More Poison—The Letter Summoning Her Lover—His Last Tryst—The Pitiful End.

l'Angelier got back to Glasgow on Tuesday, March 17, after his few days' change of air at Edinburgh. He was much better in health; the second mysterious attack had been repelled, his colour was returning, and all his old high spirits. He had had no interview with Madeleine since February 22, the night before his second bad illness, so it can be imagined with what impatience he was waiting for another appointment. Directly he got back to his lodgings in Franklin-street he asked his landlady, "Is there no letter waiting for me?" for they were to be home on the 17th, and she was to write and say when the interview was to be.

He stayed at home all Wednesday, better in health, but low in spirits, expecting a letter. On Thursday, March 19, he started off for the Bridge of Allan, keeping his word to Madeleine, you see, and not going there until she and her family were back in town. Before he went he said to his landlady that if any letters came they were to be given to M. Thuan to forward on. He added that he would not be home for a week; that he was very much disappointed at not getting his expected letter, and his last words were: "If I get a letter I may be back to-night."

A watched pot never boils. As always happens, the long-looked-for letter arrived a few minutes after l'Angelier's departure. It was in a lady's handwriting, and very similar to the scores which his landlady had taken in for him before. Thuan sent it on, as l'Angelier had requested, to the post-office at Stirling, which it reached on the morning of March 20. Under that date l'Angelier wrote to Miss Perry, and said: "I should have said to see someone last night, but the letter came too late, so we are both disappointed."

#### L'ANGELIER'S SUDDEN RETURN.

On Saturday, March 21, another letter, also in a woman's handwriting, reached l'Angelier's lodgings, and was forwarded by Thuan to Stirling. l'Angelier got that letter after nine o'clock at Stirling on Sunday morning. He left shortly after the afternoon service had begun, and turned up at his lodgings in Franklin-street on Sunday evening

a little after eight o'clock, and looking, as his landlady said at the trial, infinitely improved since he left her on the 19th. Old Mrs. Jenkins was quite surprised to see him. She had not expected him until the following Wednesday or Thursday. He explained his presence by the remark: "The letter you sent brought me home." He told her that he had walked fifteen miles, and asked to be called early the next morning, as he intended to go back by the first train.

He looked well; in Mrs. Jenkins's words: "Much better than before and more like himself." Indeed, he said to her: "I am a great deal better, I am almost well." He was in the highest spirits; and neither he nor his landlady nor M. Thuan made the least secret of what had brought him home. He stayed in the house, took some tea, and left the house in his usual health a little after or before nine o'clock. Before going out he said to Mrs. Jenkins: "If you please give me the pass key, I am not sure, but I may be late."

And now let us get back to Madeleine for a moment. Her family had returned from the country on March 17. According to her lover's expectation she ought at once to have written giving him an appointment, so that they might meet and sweep away those fresh differences which had sprung up with reference to the date of his visit to the Bridge of Allan. But no letters from her to l'Angelier can be found for the dates of March 18 and March 21. But on the 18th she pays a third visit to the chemist's to John Currie, in Sanchiehall-street, this time—and buys a third quantity of arsenic.

#### MADELEINE BUYS HER THIRD OUNCE.

Mr. Currie, the proprietor of the shop, afterwards gave this account of the incident. His assistant was dispensing at the counter when Miss Smith entered the shop, and seeing she was not being served Mr. Currie himself went forward and asked what she wanted. Madeleine answered, "Poison to kill rats." The chemist suggested phosphorus paste. She said, no, they had tried that before and had found that it did not answer. She wanted an ounce of arsenic. Mr. Currie replied that he would much rather give her something else than arsenic. She did not insist on getting it, but she said she would prefer having it. The chemist urged another objection that they never sold arsenic to anyone without entering it in a book, and that she must sign her name in the book if she got it, and state the purpose to which it was to be applied. Miss Smith said she had no objection to doing that, and, disarmed by her apparent respectability and frankness, Mr. Currie directed his assistant to give her the arsenic.

We will get back to l'Angelier.

#### L'ANGELIER'S LAST TRYST.

It is Sunday night, March 22; he has just left his lodgings at nine o'clock at night, with the pass key in his pocket. His landlady has strict injunctions to call him early, so that he may get off by the first train back to the Bridge of Allan. He is in the highest spirits and in much better health than he has ever been since that fatal February 19, when he had his first severe sickness. He is seen sauntering along in the direction of Blythswood-square, about twenty minutes past nine. It is too early. He knows the ways of the house, and knows that they have prayers on Sunday night. (That, at least, is the theory of the prosecution.) He must beguile the time a little, and so he goes past Blythswood-square, down to the other side, and makes a call on his acquaintance, MacAlester, in Terrace-street, but does not find that gentleman at home. MacAlester's maid-servant recognised him, and, according to her evidence he was at the house about half-past nine.

There the clue fails; he is lost sight of for the period of two or three hours, no human being in the world could be found afterwards to say what that man had been doing or where he had been between half-past nine on Sunday night, when MacAlester's servant opened the door to him, and found him about half-past ten.

Let us continue the story in the old lady's simple language. Roused from her bed by the sudden clatter of the bell, she rose and called, "Who's there?"

#### DYING ON THE DOORSTEP.

"He said, 'It is I, Mrs. Jenkins. Open the door, if you please.' I did so. He was standing with his arms crossed across his stomach. He said, 'I am very bad. I am going to have another vomiting of that bile.' The first time I had said 'That's bile.' He said, 'I never had bile, I never was troubled with it.' He said, 'Oh, if I thought I never would have got home, I was so bad on the road home.' He did not say whether it was pain or vomiting. He came in. He asked for a little water. I filled the tumbler, and he drank the whole of it. He wished some tea. I went into the room before he was half undressed. He was vomiting very severely. It was the same kind of matter as before. It seemed so both in colour and in substance. There was gaslight.

"The second occasion was the easiest. On the third occasion he suffered great pain. I said, 'Were you not taking anything that disagreed with you?' I referred to his food at the Bridge of Allan. He said, 'No; I have taken nothing that disagreed with me; I never was better than when I was at the

last—meaning, as I understood, at the Bridge of Allan. He said, 'You have not taken any medicine.' He said, 'I never approved of medicine.' He was chilly and cold. He wished hot water to his feet and stomach. I got jars of hot water to feet and stomach; also three or four pairs of blankets and two mats. He got a little easier, but became very bad at four o'clock. I said I was going to bed. He said, 'Do not go to bed. He thanked me, but said it was too much trouble so early. I said, 'No.' He told me the name and residence of the doctor, but said he feared I would not find the way. I said, 'No fear.' He did get a little better."

And all this time this kind old woman has never asked him where he has been. She finds him at his own house, but she might have expected the last of two o'clock in the morning, doubled up with agony, speechless with exhaustion and pain, parched with thirst, and burning with fever—and five hours before he had been in high spirits and perfect health. But she never asks where he has been in the interval—the first question one would have thought that would have come to her lips in trying to explain this mysterious seizure that swooped down upon a strong man in the midst of health. No one in that house asks him where he has been. They know where he has been, and that is why they do not ask, so says his landlady.

#### 'WHAT CAN BE THE MEANING OF THIS?'

She knows where he has been, but asks no questions; but she was a kindly and attentive woman, and she does say to the doctor, when the latter comes: "What can be the meaning of this, that while he has gone out in good health twice he has come back ill? We must have this inquired into, for I cannot comprehend it." The doctor attempts to explain this, but the old suspicions have come back into his mind, as unwilling plainly to admit to himself what doubtless he suspected. He says: "I never had bile before; I do not know what it is; I never felt this way before; I am very cold; cover me up." On the first proposal to send for the doctor, as we have seen, she says—for he certainly does seem to have been a kind hearted creature—to his landlady, "It is too far for you to go."

The landlady continues: "About five he got very bad again. I said I would go to the nearest doctor—a Dr. Steven. He said, 'What sort of a doctor is he?' I said, 'I do not know.' He said, 'Well, bring him if you please.' I went for Dr. Steven at five o'clock, I think. The doctor was badly, and could not come. He said I was to give him twenty-five drops of laudanum and a mustard blister on his stomach and hot water, and said if he (l'Angelier) was no better he would come. I told l'Angelier, and he said he could not take laudanum. I gave him plenty of hot water. He said, 'A blister will be of no use; I am only retching.'"

About seven o'clock he was dark about the eyes. I again proceed to get Dr. Steven. This time he was anxious that I should go for the doctor. Dr. Steven came soon after. I followed the doctor into the room. He ordered mustard immediately. I left the room to get it. I did not hear the doctor ask l'Angelier what was the matter. I said to the doctor, 'Look, doctor, what he has vomited.' The doctor said, 'Take it away, it is making him faintish.' I got mustard. The doctor put it on. He said he would wait twenty minutes or half an hour to see the effect, and gave him, I think, a little morphia.

#### HIS LAST WORDS.

"The doctor stayed about half an hour. I went in with more hot water. When I was applying it l'Angelier said, 'Oh, Mrs. Jenkins, this is the worst attack I ever had.' He said, 'I feel something here,' pointing to his forehead. Dr. Stevens said, 'It must be internally; I see nothing wrong.' He said, 'Can I do anything, doctor?' I said time and quietness were required. I went out of the room, pointing to the doctor to come. I asked the doctor, 'What he said.' He said, 'That will be a person who tipped. I said he was not that sort of person. The doctor said he was like a man that tipped. I assured him that he was not given to drink. I said to the doctor, 'It is strange, this is the second time that he has gone out well and returned very ill; I must speak to him, and ask the cause.' The doctor said, 'That will be an after explanation.' The doctor said he would be back between ten and eleven.

"I saw him several times. The first time, he asked me what the doctor thought. I said, 'He thinks you will get over it.' He said, 'I am far worse than the doctor thinks.' He always said 'if I could get some sleep, I should be better.' I saw him several times. About nine o'clock I drew the curtains; he looked badly. I said, 'Is there no person you would like to see?' He said, 'if I was not too much trouble, he would like to see Miss Perry, and told her address, Bath-street, or Renfrew-street, I think, No. 144. I saw her once. She came. I went out and in three or four times. The last time I went in he said, 'If you please, draw the curtains, and said, 'Oh, if I could get five minutes sleep, I think I would get better.' These were his last words. I left him and went back quietly in five or ten minutes. I thought him asleep, and went out. The doctor came soon after. He asked for his patient. I said, 'He is only newly asleep, pity to awaken him.' He said he would come to see him. We went in. The doctor felt his pulse, and lifted up his head, which fell down. He said, 'Draw back the curtains.' I said, 'Is there anything wrong?' He said, 'The man's dead.'"

"Oh, if I could get five minutes sleep, I think I would get better." Poor, wandering life, the sleep he got was the sleep of death.

(To be continued.)

## Invention That Will Abolish Bakehouse "Loaf"-ing.

Busy housewives and bakers will welcome the fact that bread can now be baked in a little over two hours by a system invented by Mr. William Pickering, of Messrs. W. Hill and Sons, Bishops-gate.

On Saturday a demonstration of the new system was made at Messrs. Hill's premises.

A small portion of mixed flour and water was quickly raised to 100deg. Fahrenheit, this causing the starch in the flour to burst, making it speedily susceptible to the fermenting medium of yeast or leaven.

When the mixture was reduced to 95deg. of heat, yeast was added, and at once fermentation set in. A few minutes after, the mixture was placed with two stones of flour, salt added, and left for half an hour to "rise."

The subsequent baking was a simple process, and the surprising result was that more loaves were produced from the two stones of flour than could have been produced under the old system, in addition to the saving of many valuable hours.

Under this system it will be unnecessary for bakers to be about waiting for the dough to rise. In fact, as was remarked on Saturday, the invention will do away with "loaf"-ing in the bakehouse.

### WHY NOT "FELO-DE-SE" ?

#### Coroner Protests Against "Temporary Insanity" Verdicts.

The disinclination shown by coroners' juries to return verdicts in accordance with the evidence in cases of suicide was referred to by Dr. Wynn Westcott at a Hackney inquest on Saturday.

He remarked that thousands of suicides at four cross roads with a stake through the heart, in unconsecrated ground, and in a churchyard without a service, had been done away with, the dislike to verdicts of Felo-de-se still remained. Last year there were 467 verdicts of Suicide while temporarily insane and only seven of Felo-de-se, though in not one of the seven cases was Christian burial denied.

The coroner tentatively suggested the jury might find in the case under consideration, in which a boot manufacturer had taken poison, that the man had killed himself, but they promptly returned a verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity.

### ROBBERY, NOT BLOOD LUST.

Investigation into the discovery of the heads and skins of four sheep in a pond at Wembley show that the affair was one of robbery and not wanton maiming. The sheep had been killed by someone accustomed to slaughtering, and the carcasses had been taken away.

A nightly watch is being kept for the marauders.

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As we deal with persons in all conditions of life everywhere, no one need hesitate to send a postcard application in the belief that he or she is too humble to be chosen. If you have already applied, it is useless to do so again. Only one application can come from one person.

We have now given away, absolutely free of charge, 45 high-grade reliable bicycles. Our startling offers were published very extensively, and applications have reached us from all parts of the country. The names and addresses of those who have received the 45 cycles will be sent on application. We believe there are many people who, on reading our offer, dismissed it from their minds with some such remark as "It's all nonsense, they can't afford to do it!" This reminds us of the story of the man who, for a wager, stood on London Bridge for 12 hours, offering real sovereigns at one penny each, and did not secure a single customer. We want to convince the most sceptical, and we again offer to pay £100 to any one who can prove that we do not give the cycles away as advertised.

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we shall give, absolutely free, 21 High Grade, Ten Guinea Bicycles to persons who apply for them. Make your application on a postcard, or by letter. The Bicycles will be given to 21

we will send you a set of 40 handsome picture postcards, but this purchase will have no influence upon our examiners. Neither will anything be gained by making promises to us of offering to buy extra goods, or other remarks of like character. Such will be rejected, as this offer is absolutely genuine and open to strictest investigation. We should like to have each applicant send the name and address of some friend who would appreciate our catalogues, but if this request is not complied with it will make no difference to the examiners.

**SPECIAL.**—For benefit of applicants living in colonies or abroad, or who for some other good reason cannot send us their postcard request for free cycle promptly, we have set aside four extra ten guinea machines, to be given to "late applicants." These will be distributed in October. The lot of 21 cycles, above referred to, will, however, be allotted quickly, and happy recipients of our gift may expect their machines by the evening of Saturday, Sept. 17th.

When applying, please state whether gent's or lady's machine is required, you can have your choice.

The cycles can be inspected at our headquarters, but all applications must be made through the post. Address:

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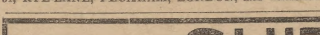
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### INTERNATIONAL CYCLING.

Success of American Riders at the World's Championship Meeting.

### "TRICK RIDING" BY MAYER.

The concluding stages of the International Cycling Championships at the Crystal Palace were witnessed on Saturday by about 15,000 spectators. There was a very strong foreign contingent, the crowd being a remarkably cosmopolitan one.

For the first time in the twelve years' history of the championships four of the five events have fallen to representatives of one country, and for the first time during the eleven years succeeding the initial meeting at Chicago in 1892—no Continental crack has secured winning honours.

The British spectators did not take kindly to the crawl and leading tactics adopted in the short distance events; but their anger was turned to amusement when Ellegard and Lawson fell off their machines, and Mayer, ever sitting bolt upright, calmly rode backwards.

The finalists in the two kilometres professional championship were Thorwald Ellegard (Denmark), who won the 1902-3, Ivo Lawson (America), and the veteran Henry Mayer (Germany), who, in the semi-final, had

defeated Marie Meyers (Holland), a double winner of the professional Grand Prix de Paris; and Walter Rutt (Germany), the most improved sprinter of the year.

Mayer proved to be the best trick rider, Ellegard and Lawson falling off before many yards had been covered. On restarting the pace was again made a miserable crawl, the men almost standing still at the end of every 200 yards, until three-quarters of a mile had been covered, when Lawson, coming from behind with a rush down the bank, gained a fifty yards lead before the others knew what had happened.

Ellegard then went after the American, but had left his effort until too late, and Lawson beat the holder by fully six lengths. Mayer, seeing that pursuit was hopeless, sat up. The time was 6min. 3.4-sec.

### America Beats England.

The final heat of the two kilometres amateur championship brought together two Englishmen—viz. A. L. Reed (the holder of the title) and J. S. Benyon—and one American, Marcus Hurley. On the previous evening Benyon had had a nasty spill in training, and rode with a bandage on his right arm.

Both the English riders are famous for the length of their spindles, and both are equally slow to jump. It seemed, therefore, to be an error of judgment on the Britishers' part to wait until nearly 200 yards from home before starting their final sprint.

Reed, however, managed to keep his wheel in front until five yards from the line, when Hurley made an extra effort, and beat him by a few inches. Benyon being another half-wheel away. Time, 1min. 7.3-sec.

The match between the winner of the amateur and professional sprint events, for the actual championship of the world, was easily won by Lawson, who beat his com-

patriot by a length in 1min. 33-sec. Lawson is thus the first American to win an honour. George Barker, at Vienna in 1899, and Major Taylor, at Montreal in the following year, refusing to take part in the customary match with the corresponding amateur champions.

### World's Record Broken.

As had been anticipated, the foreign riders in the 100 kilometres amateur championship were all outclassed by the three English representatives—Leon Meredith, G. A. Olley, and W. J. Pett. Olley was paced by Olelegras, who on the same 6-h.p. two cylinder Minerva had trailed the American, the American, to victory on the preceding Saturday in the professional championship.

Meredith and Pett had the assistance of the "Bat" team, consisting of T. E. Newman, T. H. Fessier, and Horace Chambers.

Meredith quickly took a commanding lead, and, travelling strongly, he completed the British record at five miles, which distance he covered in 7min. 23-sec., as against Olley's previous best (motor paced) of Robert Walker, the American, who had ridden the 500 yards, the previous best, by a British amateur, being Olley's 35 miles 1,250 yards, made on the same track in 1903.

Both Olley and Meredith had to change machines during the race, and two miles from the finish Meredith had a nasty spill, but he completed the journey in the world's amateur record time of 1hr. 35min. 30.4-sec., the previous best being 1hr. 42min. 49-sec., by the late Germaner at Berlin in 1902. Pett was second in 1hr. 44min. 33.2-sec., and Olley third in 1hr. 45min. 18.4-sec.

A half-mile amateur handicap resulted as follows:—G. Pearce (Thames Ironworks), 50yd. 1.1.1; Bevan (Putney A.C.), 70yd. 2; G. E. Blakesley (Polytechnic), 70yd. 3.

A. E. Wills (Putney), scratch; J. McKinley (Batham C.C.), 90yd. 1; R. Barker (Polytechnic C.C.), 90yd. 2; J. Matthews (Putney A.C.), 60yd. also rode. A five finish with Pearce just getting up and home by 7th, with a wheel between second and third. Time, 25-sec.

### LAWN TENNIS.

Most of the open events at the Sussex championship meeting at Brighton were concluded on Saturday, the results being appended:—

Gentlemen's Open Singles (Sussex Challenge Cup).—Final round: S. H. Smith beat E. L. Rieley 6-4, 3-7, 3-3, retired.

Ladies' Open Singles (Sussex Challenge Cup).—Semi-final round: Miss D. K. Douglas beat Mrs. Hilliard 6-3, 1-6, 7-3; Mrs. Sterry beat Miss C. M. Wilson 5-7, 7-6, 6-4. Final round: Miss Douglas beat Mrs. Sterry 6-3, 6-3.

Gentlemen's Open Doubles.—Semi-final round: H. S. Mahony and A. F. Wilding beat W. C. Grant and I. C. Wright 6-3, 7-0; F. L. Rieley and A. H. Rieley beat A. E. M. Taylor and A. F. Fellows 6-2, 6-3. Final round: Rieley and Rieley beat Mahony and Wilding 6-4, 8-7.

Ladies' Open Doubles.—Final round: Miss Thompson and Miss Paterson beat Mrs. Sterry and Miss D. K. Douglas 4-6, 1-1, retired.

The 'Spurs' team selected for the following:—Williams, Watson, Tait, Morris, Hughes, McNaught, Breatley, Walton, Warner, Glen, Swan, Copeland, Kirwan.



# TWO OBJECTIONS AT "A.P."

The Necessity for Paid Stewards Shown in the Case of Sonnetta—Miss Hopson's Disqualification.

## TO-DAY'S RACING AT WARWICK.

Last week's racing at Doncaster was up to the highest standard, but proved extremely expensive to the majority of backers. Many recovered their losses at Alexandra Park on Saturday, as, although Newcastle's failure in the Juvenile Plate and the disqualification of Miss Hopson in the Finsbury Handicap involved trouble, the succeeding four races were won by the heaviest-backed horses.

Some qualification has to be made in the case of Sonnetta, as Beaulieu carried almost as much money, and, moreover, Sonnetta was objected to for crossing, and the matter remains in abeyance. There were no stewards present at the time, so it was necessary to postpone the investigation till next Friday at Windsor, where some of the Stewards are expected to be present. Meanwhile, the Sonnetta incident will delay the usual selling.

Delays of a similar sort are always likely to occur under the present system, where gentlemen, accepting the position of honorary stewards, do not feel themselves under any special obligation to fulfil their duties. Paid stewards, regularly licensed like other responsible officials, are really needed. Such men could do a great deal more than adjudicate on the casual cases which turn up. They could, on their own initiative, demand a champion at a questionable or a case of the way which has changed for Sir R. Waldie Griffith since his intention of retiring from the turf was announced. No desire was evinced to retain the winner in Robert Sherwood's stable, and he was let go to Mr. Schwind for 240 guineas.

### A Change of Luck.

Newcastle, readily beaten on a previous outing by Dexter, now got bowled over by St. Hillary's youngster in a questionable or a case of the way which has changed for Sir R. Waldie Griffith since his intention of retiring from the turf was announced. No desire was evinced to retain the winner in Robert Sherwood's stable, and he was let go to Mr. Schwind for 240 guineas.

The boy Sharpley is one of the very best among the junior division of jockeys, but he must have made a blunder in the Finsbury Handicap. The stewards reckoned the evidence against him conclusive, so, disqualifying Miss Hopson for bumping and crossing, the race was awarded to Haut-e-Bas. This was not Lord Carnarvon's only success. He won the Maiden Plate with Jongleur, a champion daughter of Juggler, whose form was creditable in the Chinchac Handicap, won by Desirée.

Brewer's stable had the precise measure of the lot in the September Handicap, and elected to run Flower Seller. The colt had been second to Loch Ryan at Hurst Park, and he was now backed at "evens" to beat Pain, Coldra, Wise Rosie, Effigy, General Cronje, and company. Flower Seller accomplished the task very readily.

### Brewer's Cesarewitch Selection.

By the way, the latest market reports do not mention Foundling for the Cesarewitch, and I shall not be surprised if Galapagos be finally Brewer's selected for the race, as the colt is really a good stayer. Wood Pigeon now figures more prominently in the market. If Mr. Gilpin were to declare in favour of one of his candidates there would be no further question of favouritism. The marvellous powers of Pretty Polly as to speed and stamina are no better recognised than her capacity, judging by her conformation to carry big weights.

To win the Cambridgehire with 9st 12lb in the saddle would be beating all records, yet such is the belief in the filly that, if a competitor, Polly would assuredly be favourite. But at the moment the chances seem to be that Delaunay, who is only given 9st 10lb, will do duty for Gilpin's place. There is really no knowing how good this Pet colt may be at a mile. He keeps on winning this season, and it is not surprising to observe that Delaunay has never been beaten in England.

W. Lane has now a substantial lead of six points above Otto Madden in the list of winning jockeys. Lane's success on Kitty Tar, winner of the Autumn Handicap, at Alexandra Park, made his score for the week eleven wins—a number that brackets him with D. Maher and E. Wheatley in a trio holding the best record for a week's riding.

Warwick starts to-day with a good programme. Monday racing is popular in the Midlands, so there will no doubt be a large gathering on the Lammas lands.

## SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

### WARWICK.

- 2.0.—Arden Plate—MORRIS DANCER.
- 2.30.—Kenilworth Plate—RAVEN'S PRIDE.
- 3.0.—County Selling Nursery—BUZZ.
- 3.30.—Charlotte Handicap—BRIDLE ROAD.
- 4.0.—Warwick Handicap—THUNDERBOLT.
- 4.30.—Castle Plate—CAPRESI.

### SPECIAL SELECTION.

#### RAVEN'S PRIDE.

GREY FRIARS,

## THE TWO BEST THINGS.

"The Squire's" double for to-day at Warwick is as follows:—  
2.30.—Kenilworth Plate—RAVEN'S PRIDE.  
4.0.—Warwick Handicap—IMARI.

## RACING RETURNS.

### ALEXANDRA PARK.—SATURDAY.

2.0.—JUVENILE PLATE of 100 sovs. for two-year-olds; winner to be sold for 50 sovs. if for 100 sovs 7lb extra. Five furlongs. 1st, 11/2. 2nd, 11/2. 3rd, 11/2. 4th, 11/2. 5th, 11/2. 6th, 11/2. 7th, 11/2. 8th, 11/2. 9th, 11/2. 10th, 11/2. 11th, 11/2. 12th, 11/2. 13th, 11/2. 14th, 11/2. 15th, 11/2. 16th, 11/2. 17th, 11/2. 18th, 11/2. 19th, 11/2. 20th, 11/2. 21st, 11/2. 22nd, 11/2. 23rd, 11/2. 24th, 11/2. 25th, 11/2. 26th, 11/2. 27th, 11/2. 28th, 11/2. 29th, 11/2. 30th, 11/2. 31st, 11/2. 32nd, 11/2. 33rd, 11/2. 34th, 11/2. 35th, 11/2. 36th, 11/2. 37th, 11/2. 38th, 11/2. 39th, 11/2. 40th, 11/2. 41st, 11/2. 42nd, 11/2. 43rd, 11/2. 44th, 11/2. 45th, 11/2. 46th, 11/2. 47th, 11/2. 48th, 11/2. 49th, 11/2. 50th, 11/2. 51st, 11/2. 52nd, 11/2. 53rd, 11/2. 54th, 11/2. 55th, 11/2. 56th, 11/2. 57th, 11/2. 58th, 11/2. 59th, 11/2. 60th, 11/2. 61st, 11/2. 62nd, 11/2. 63rd, 11/2. 64th, 11/2. 65th, 11/2. 66th, 11/2. 67th, 11/2. 68th, 11/2. 69th, 11/2. 70th, 11/2. 71st, 11/2. 72nd, 11/2. 73rd, 11/2. 74th, 11/2. 75th, 11/2. 76th, 11/2. 77th, 11/2. 78th, 11/2. 79th, 11/2. 80th, 11/2. 81st, 11/2. 82nd, 11/2. 83rd, 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## 30,000 Spectators See Woolwich

### Arsenal's Home Debut in the League.

#### SOME SURPRISING RESULTS.

Saturday's crowd at Plumstead was a most impressive one, and shows what a hold football has at last taken upon the Londoner. Nearly 30,000 enthusiasts lined the field of play, and they followed every incident with the utmost keenness, noting and applauding every good point, and, may I add, not discriminating too much between the rival sides in the bestowal of their plaudits. There were big crowds at other places, but the eyes of nearly the whole football community of the country were turned upon Plumstead, the interest being in how the "Reds" would comport themselves in their new competition. Easily the biggest crowd in the country was that at Plumstead, next coming the ones at Everton, where 20,000 were present, and at Sunderland, where a similar number were on the ground.

I must own to feeling just a trifle disappointed with the Woolwich men. Generally speaking, they played, or tried to play, high-class football, and were only moderately successful. On the other hand, Preston played a dashing but withal clever game, which certainly was very attractive to watch, and will win them many matches on foreign soil. They were, however, met with a resolute defence, and in this department of the game the Arsenal were seen at their best.

To say the least of it, it was a rousing, ding-dong struggle, and if Preston had a trifle the best of the exchanges in the first half, the "Reds" showed up finely after the interval. Time and again they swarmed to the attack in an uncertain style, but they failed at the last hurdle, so to speak, and, although McBride in the Preston goal had a lot of work to do in this fateful period, he had few really difficult shots to stop among a great many "soft" ones. In this respect both sides were at fault, and if Goings missed two or three excellent chances of scoring for the home team Brown missed an open goal twice for Preston.

Jackson played an admirable game at back for the Arsenal. He kept cool whilst most of the other players on the field were obviously excited, and kicked and tackled like two men. His partner Gray was hardly so good as expected, being a trifle slow in clearing, and at times hardly decisive enough when pressed. Buchan, the left half-back, also played a great game, and Dick and Sands in this line worked hard throughout. The forwards, backed up, and although Coleman, Hunter, and Satterthwaite made many good attempts, there was a lackabout with the work which must be stopped if the team are to hold their own in the first league. Rodway and Derbyshire, the Preston backs, played a fine resolute game, and this in a measure disconcerted the "Reds" forwards. Hunter and Lym, of the halves, put in some splendid work, and towards I must like Bond, who kept the defence on the look-out from start to finish. It was by no means a great game, but was a very interesting struggle, and without a dull moment.

Of the other games in the First Division the most surprising was the defeat of Aston Villa by the Rovers, at Blackburn, by 4 goals to love. The Villa were unfortunate in losing Wilkes, their famous half-back, in the early stages of the game. The Rovers ran up a tally of four goals in the first half, and although they failed to score after change of ends, they gave the Villa defenders no rest. Newcastle played a fine game against Derby County at Derby, and, leading for an hour and a half, they looked like winning the match, when Middleton equalised just on the call of time.

Sheffield Wednesday put another brilliant performance to their credit by beating Wolverhampton Wanderers by 4 to 0. There was no score before half-time, but the Sheffield forwards played superbly after the interval. Wilson shot three of the four goals for the "Blades," who now appear well on the way for another successful campaign, with a great chance of winning the championship for the third time in succession. I expect, however, the Sheffielders would rather have the Cup this year. Notts Forest beat Bury, who appear to have gone all to pieces, by 5 to 1. The County visited Small Heath, and won a surprising victory by 2 to 1. Harry Earle kept a fine goal for Notts, the only goal scored against him being a "penalty." Sunderland and Middlesbrough played a drawn game at Sunderland, and were perhaps a little unlucky in not winning outright. Gettins played a dashing at forward for Middlesbrough.

Everton gained an expected victory over Sheffield United at Everton, and Stoke a somewhat unexpected one over Manchester City, although the game was played at Stoke. Whitley, who has taken the place in the Stoke goal vacated by that brilliant amateur L. R. Rouse, showed splendid form, and the City were handicapped by an injury to McOustra, which took him off the field. The Southern team, in the second division, Bristol

seem well on their way for the first division at the end of the season, if a good start can stand for anything. Liverpool could only draw at Chesterfield, and West Bromwich were beaten at home by Grimsby.

The Southern League matches produced some results not quite in accord with expectations. I sympathise with Millwall and Portsmouth, who have both started the season in unusually disastrous style. Millwall, who had drawn with Plymouth earlier in the week in the Western League, met with a veritable debacle at Devonport. Outpaced and outplayed, the East Londoners were beaten by no fewer than 5 goals to 0. It was brilliant forward work on the part of Argyle which demoralised the Millwall defence, which in the second half went to pieces.

Portsmouth were soundly trounced by Bristol Rovers, who, on the day's play, were a vastly superior side. Never giving "Pompey" a rest they fairly bombarded Harris in the Portsmouth goal, and well as he played he was beaten five times. Truly Millwall and Portsmouth will have to make some drastic changes in their teams unless things alter for the better.

The "Spurs" visited Watford and played a splendid game against "Johnny" Goodall's fine team doing duty for the West Herts' club. Particularly in the first half the Tottenham men played brilliant football, but the only goal was from a long screw shot by Walton, which went through the Watford goal in the corner, right out of Biggar's reach. Watford made desperate efforts in the second half, but although they fairly penned the "Spurs" defence at times, they could make no impression on Tait, Watson, and Williams, who were seen quite at their best. The Hotspur halves were also admirable, and the extra training has told its tale on the forwards, who showed much more dash than against Fulham, but they were not too good in the closing stages of the second half.

Fulham and Luton had a rare set-to at the West London ground. A lot of brilliant play was forthcoming from both teams, Luton showing up best perhaps in defence, in which McEwen at back and Watson, and Williams, who were seen quite at their best. The Hotspur halves were also admirable, and the extra training has told its tale on the forwards, who showed much more dash than against Fulham, but they were not too good in the closing stages of the second half.

Northampton accomplished a very smart performance by going to Brighton and beating the Albion by 2 to 1. I said on Saturday that the Brightonians would find Northampton "tough at their own leather," and so it turned out. Marriott played a sparkling game for the Midlanders, whose performance was the more meritorious, seeing that Durber, the old Southampton back, and Benbow, the Notts Forest centre forward, were both unable to turn out. Perkins in the Northampton goal showed wonderful form.

Swindon have improved out of all knowledge, and although beaten (4-3) at Southampton, they must be considered wonderfully smart to have pierced the powerful defence of the "Saints" three times. It was a wonderfully exciting game, and with a very little luck Swindon would have halved

A most exciting match was played at Upton, where, on the new West Ham ground, 14,000 spectators saw the fine team doing duty for Queen's Park Rangers win decisively by 3 to 1. Kingsley kept a great goal for the "Hammers," who were no match for the Rangers forward, and were beaten by the superior tactics of the West Londoners' wing-guard. New Brompton are to be congratulated on the success which attended their efforts at Wellingborough. They beat the Midlanders by 3 to 1, and quite deserved their victory. Last season New Brompton were quite the unluckiest side in the Southern League. I hope things have changed for the better with the "men of Kent."

CITIZEN.

## SATURDAY'S RESULTS.

### ASSOCIATION.

#### THE LEAGUE.—Division I.

WOOLWICH A. (h)	0	PRESTON NORTH END	0
NOTTS FOREST (h)	5	BURY	1
Sheffman.		Thurpe.	
NOTTS COUNTY (h)	2	B'HAM CITY (h)	1
Sheff. Centurion.		Beer.	
SHEFFIELD WED. (h)	4	WOLVERHAMPTON W.	0
Davis, Chapman, Wilson (2).		St. Smith.	
BLACKBURN ROY. (h)	1	ASTON VILLA	0
Derby County (h)	1	NEWCASTLE UNITED	1
SUNDERLAND (h)	1	MIDDLESBROUGH	1
Buckle.		Gettins.	
STOKE (h)	1	MANCHESTER CITY	0
House.		House.	
EVERTON (h)	2	SHEFFIELD UNITED	0
Hardman.		Young.	

#### THE LEAGUE.—Division II.

BARNESLEY (h)	2	BLACKPOOL	1
BOLTON W. (h)	4	BURNLEY	0
BRADFORD CITY (h)	3	BURTON UNITED	0
CHIEFSTARFIELD (h)	1	LIVERPOOL	0
GLOSSOP (h)	0	BURBURN PORT VALE	0
LEICESTER FOSSE (h)	3	DOUGLAS ROVERS	2
LINCOLN CITY (h)	4	GAINSBORO' TRINITY	1
MANCHESTER U. (h)	4	BRISTOL CITY	0
GRIMSBY TOWN	0	W. R. ALBION (h)	0

#### SOUTHERN LEAGUE.—Division I.

FULHAM (h)	0	LUTON	0
TOTTENHAM	0	WATFORD (h)	0
Wilton.			
BRISTOL ROVERS	5	PORTSMOUTH	0
Griffiths, Lewis (2), Batts.			
READING (h)	1	BRENTFORD	0
McIntyre.			
SOUTHAMPTON (h)	4	SWINDON	3
A. Turner, Harrison, H.		Lean (2), Chalmers.	
Q. P. RANGERS	3	WEST HAM (h)	1
Bevan (2), Hitch.		Alison.	
NORTHAMPTON	2	B. and H. ALBION (h)	1
Smith, Frost.		Hulse.	
PLYMOUTH A. (h)	5	MILLWALL	0
Dalrymple, Picken (2).			
NEW BROMPTON	3	WELLINGBOROUGH (h)	1
Turner (2), Leigh.		Cole.	

#### SOUTHERN LEAGUE.—Division II.

FULHAM RESERVES	3	SOUTHALL (h)	2
SCOTTISH LEAGUE.			
GLASGOW RANGERS	3	DUNDEE (h)	0
AIRDRIEONIAN (h)	1	HIBERNIAN	0
THIRD LANARK (h)	4	MOTHERWELL	3
GREENOCK MORTON	2	KILMARNOCK	1
PORT GLASGOW	2	ST. MIRREN (h)	1

#### F.A. CUP.—Extra Preliminary Round.

ROTTERHAM (h)	1	THORNHILL	1
RAMMARSH ALBION	1	HIGHTHORNE (h)	0
GUILDFORD (h)	2	REDFIELD	0
SHEPPEY UNITED	1	NORTHLEKE (h)	0
SHALTON	1	ASHLEY	1
ELTHAM (h)	3	BROMLEY	1
FOLKESTONE (h)	3	SWANCOMB	2
GRAVESEND U. (h)	4	MAIDSTONE C. W.	1
CRAY WANDERERS	2	SITTINGBOURNE (h)	1

## SOUTH-EASTERN LEAGUE.

WOOLWICH A. RES.	3	MAIDSTONE (h)	0
GRAVY UNITED (h)	3	SOUTHERN UNITED	2
LUTON RESERVES (h)	5	EASTBOURNE OLD T.	1

## LONDON LEAGUE.—Premier Division.

CLAPTON ORIENT	4	MILLWALL RES. (h)	1
QUEEN'S P. RAN. R. (h)	2	WEST HAM UTD. R.	0

## OTHER MATCHES.

ILFORD (h)	2	CIVIL SERVICE	0
WINCHESTER (h)	1	SHEPHERD'S BUSH	1
WINDSOR and ETON (h)	4	CIVIL SERVICE	2
GLAPHAM	3	PINCELEY (h)	2
WANDSEIDE	1	ST. HELENS (h)	7
NUNHEAD	6	ROTHENDAM (h)	0
UXBRIDGE (h)	2	KENNEL RISE U.	3
CLAYDON (h)	3	ESSEX WANDERERS	0
SUMMERSTOWN (h)	3	WEST NORWOOD A.	1
CROYDON (h)	4	DULWICH HAMLET	2

## NORTHERN UNION.

### THE LEAGUE.—Division I.

WIDNES (h)	6	BRADFORD	0
BATELEY (h)	5	RUNCORN	2
OLDHAM	5	HULL KINGS. RO. (h)	2
WARRINGTON and ETON (h)	10	LEIGH	2
HUNSLIFT (h)	10	LEEDS	5
WALFORD (h)	13	HULL	5
WIGAN	10	ST. HELENS (h)	7
BURROUGHTON RAN.	3	SWINTON (h)	2
WARRINGTON (h)	3	HALIFAX	0

### THE LEAGUE.—Division II.

ROCHDALE HOR. (h)	21	LANCASTER	0
DEWSBURY	15	MORCAMBE (h)	2
HUDDERSFIELD (h)	19	NORMANTON	0
MILTON	10	ROCHDALE RANGERS	0
YORK	25	BIRKENHEAD (h)	0
BARRO	8	ST. HELENS (h)	0
BRAMLEY (h)	8	PONTERFRAC	2

## RUGBY UNION.

DEVONPORT ALB. (h)	49	NEWTON ABBOT	0
WARRINGTON	15	NORTHAMPTON ROY. RS	2
NORTHAMPTON (h)	15	OLNEY	2
PLYMOUTH (h)	24	EXETER	0
BURTON-ON-TRENT	3	SUNNINGTON (h)	0

## TO-DAY'S MATCHES.

### THE LEAGUE.—Division I.

Birmingham: Aston Villa v. Everton.  
 Western League.  
 Millwall: Millwall v. Reading.  
 Park Royal: Queen's Park Rangers v. Southampton.  
 Other Matches.  
 Tottenham: Tottenham Hotspur v. Brighton and Hove  
 West Ham: West Ham v. Woolwich Arsenal.  
 Luton: Luton v. Leicester Fosse.

## SPORTING NEWS ITEMS.

The stewards who officiated at Alexandra Park on Saturday were Lord Lurgan, Lord Ebury, and Mr. Lushcombe.

By riding eleven winners in one week, W. Lane has now equalled the record of D. Maher and E. Wheatley, who alone of the 169 winning jockeys during the season had previously accomplished the feat. Lane's performance was better than Wheatley's, inasmuch as the latter had 30 against Lane's 21 mounts, but it is not quite as good as Maher's, whose 11 wins were gained in 30 races.

The objection to Sonnetta for the Moderate Plate recalls to mind the famous Postman's Knock case of last year in connection with the same race. Royal Minister, belonging to the late Sir J. B. Maple, was disqualified, and the race awarded to Postman's Knock, but it was subsequently discovered that the latter was not qualified to run, and, on appeal, the decision was reversed. The objection will not be settled until Friday next at Windsor. Complaints were loud on Saturday at the absence of the stewards, the holding over of the objection causing a lot of inconvenience.

## ROYAL ALBERT HALL. Grand Promenade Concert, commencing September 24, at 8.



Mr. PHILIP YORKE announces that

**THE "KITTIES" ARE COMIN'**  
**CANADA'S GREATEST CONCERT BAND**  
 50 - MUSICIANS - 50  
 20 - VOCAL CHOIR - 20  
 6 - HIGHLAND DANCERS - 6  
 3 - BAGPIPERS - 3  
 4 - MILITARY BUGLERS - 4  
 1 - GIANT DRUM MAJOR - 1

ADMISSION: ONE SHILLING; Unreserved Seats, 2s.; Reserved, 3s., 5s., and 7s. 6d.; Boxes from 21s.  
 At the Hall, of all Libraries, and of Philip Yorke, 36, Gerrard Street, W.



